THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 732 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 14, 1889 $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 10

IF.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

If we had never need to part
Nor were asunder driven,
With hand to hand and heart to heart
We'd ask no higher heaven.

If we had never need to bear
The sorrow of dissunion,
We'd smile away all other care
In happy heart-communion.

If we had never need to kiss
The kiss of separation,
The deep contentment of our bliss
Would be beyond relation.

With Blinded Eyes.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED).

EARLY in the following week Rowena heard from Errol Hayter. He was still with his uncle, and spoke of returning home shortly.

She at once saw the object of this letter, correspondence being his detestation in an ordinary way. It was to give her an opportunity of asking him to call at River View on his way back.

He evidently wanted to see Pattie—it was of her pretty face that he was thinking when he wrote that suggestive letter.

She guessed that she could quickly check his eagerness to pay them another visit by mentioning Pattie's absence from home. And as it would only be painful to her to meet him now, and she was not afraid of causing him any disappointment as far as herself was concerned, she replied to the effect that she would not trouble him to call at River View as he returned, and was sure he would not think her unfriendly when he remembered her new duties, which kept her constantly occupied. Mr. Leicester also was in a low nervous state, and dreaded strangers.

Her cousin Pattie had gone away with the friends with whom he had seen her at River View, and they were very quiet now, as was considered best for Mr. Leicester, until he should somewhat recover his spirits.

The letter written, and posted by her own hands, she resolutely turned her back upon the past, and settled down to her new life. Not that that past did not haunt her and tempt her; but she kept on her way bravely, and filled up every moment of her time, until there was hardly opportunity for thought.

At first her new studies with Leicester were not difficult enough to occupy very much of her attention, for of course he gave his sweetheart Pattie credit for about as much erudition as a humming bird.

Sometimes she had the greatest difficulty in concealing her acquaintance with Greek and Hebrew; but, in her constant association with the blind man, she was acquiring new habits of self-control and observation.

As her aunt watched her with Leicester, and saw how interested the teacher grew over the lesson, as he severely corrected her French or German pronunciation, or overturned one of her theories, or criticised her reading of blank verses, she began to admire that rough and ugly caricature of her lovely daughter, and to say to herself—

'Now it is as it should be. She is the right one for him."

At other times, when a fit of low spirits came over Leicester, and he sat silent and brooding, Mrs. Wyoming would hear Rowena's soft voice uttering smart bright fault-findings, that brought a smile to his lips, in spite of himself, ready stories, requests for information upon subjects in which he took particular interest.

When he had one of his bad headaches, and Rowena bathed his brow with eau de Cologne, and fanned and soothed him, aunt Annie was astonished at the girl's patience, for she never made such a mistake as to think that Rowena loved him. She knew it was all done out of pity, and that her niece would rather have been back at the dull school-life, brightened by her visits to the Rectory, where she met that young man who had appeared so suddenly a few weeks before.

Mrs. Wyoming made a very good guess at Rowena's poor little romance, except that she did not dream that any tender feeling the girl might entertain towards Errol Hayter had ever been returned. No one who saw her could ever give one thought to her, she considered.

But as day by day the shrewd woman of the world looked on at Rowena's tender and skilful treatment of the man whom she did not love she realized that there were both originality and charm in her character.

Two months had passed; it was now early in December.

Rowena looked down at Leicester one day as she stood by his chair—at the dark upturned face lighted with a smile, the shadow vanished from the well-shaped brow, the intellectual features sharpened into keen interest and humor.

In that moment she comprehended the change in him, and saw the fruits of her patient work. There was zest for life in that brightened countenance, in spite of the blankness of the unseeing eyes. He was taking up the thread again—the worst was behind him.

As she realized this her spirits rose with exultation that a physician might feel in accomplishing a cure in a difficult case.

"Do you know, Pattie," he said presently, "that it has done something for you—this trouble of mine, I mean?"

"Something for me?" she queried.

"I think that it might be that which has brought out the loveliest part of your character, which I did not even guess at before. I suppose it has been an exercise of patience and all the other virtues for you, poor little darling!"—with a sadly-smiling fondness.

"Oh, but I have liked waiting on you!" she assured him in all sincerity.

"I believe you have," he acknowledged gratefully. "And that has made it sweet to me to be waited upon—by you. But besides that, Pattie, I have made so many discoveries about your mind and heart since my eyes were closed to your sweet face. You have astonished me very much lately, in showing taste and ability on subjects that I thought you—in common with most other girls, of course—cared nothing about."

"Did I not tell you that I wanted to learn to care for the things you cared for?" she returned. "And I do care for them. I believe I care for them now as much as you do, though I don't know so much about them."

"They get more interesting the farther you go, don't they?" he responded with eager sympathy. "I knew that; but I doubted whether you would ever find it out."

"Oh, but I did!" she declared, with such warmth that he added, as if half inclined to be jealous—

"You need not care for them more than you care for your poor old blind man!"

"The very idea of such a thing!" she said lightly; and then made an excuse to leave him lest she should be questioned further.

Mrs. Wyoming did not neglect to "coach" her niece in events of the past, concerning which she must not seem ignorant; but she could not always be beforehand, and sometimes Leicester would recall places that Rowena had never visited, and people she had never met.

If Mrs. Wyoming was present she would take up the thread immediately, and relieve Rowena of embarassment—if not, and mere acquiescence in his remarks would not answer the purpose, Rowena would discover that she must run up-stairs for some more silk for her work, or make some such trifling excuse, and then stay away until either her aunt came to her aid or Leicester had forgotten the subject.

These hitches occurring now and then just served to remind Rowena that there was always need for caution. But for that, her life went on so evenly, and the reading, and study, and French and German conversations were such real pleasure to her, that she could almost have forgotten the strange and dangerous position she occupied.

Christmas passed over quietly. Leicester had a Christmas present for Rowena—a pearl locket and gold chain, which the more she admired the less she could bear to accept, feeling as though she were cheating Pattie out of her right.

But of course she had to take it and wear it, and thank him for it in the way that he seemed to expect. It was the first time she had kissed him, and she felt not so much ashamed as unworthy—utterly unworthy.

The more she saw of him the better she understood the loftiness of his mind, and the scorn with which he would regard any kind of deceit.

Soon after Christmas Mrs. Wyoming had a letter from Pattie, asking her consent to her engagement with Dolph Carbutt. Aunt Annie, however little surprised, did seem lightly ashamed of having so soon to make an announcement of this nature to Rowena; but it did not suit her to keep it secret; she was elated, and wanted somebody with whom to discuss Pattie's good fortune. So she told them the news at the breakfast table, in the conventional way.

Neither Leicester nor Rowena made much comment on it at the time, Leicester refraining from the expression of his opinion, as the Carbutts were Mrs. Wyoming's friends; but when he was alone with Rowena he said—

"Your cousin is very foolish to throw herself away upon a simpleton like Dolph Carbutt."

"Do you think so?" she returned, stammering and hesitating a little, the old scorn of herself and her conduct mingling with gratification at his apparent good opinion of her.

"I do. Don't you, now? I know—I have heard from both you and your mother—that she is not at all attractive, but, from the few sentences I exchanged with her, I found that she had a mind of far too high an order to be thrown away upon that young donkey, who, I suppose, must have admired her for what was lacking in himself."

Rowena could afford to smile at that sarcasm.

"But Rowena is poor," she observed, "and Dolph Carbutt is rich. She has had to work hard for what she earned, and then her wages were not enough to dress her as well as the other girls at her school—though I don't think she minded that Then she is ugly—oh, so ugly——"

"Describe her to me," he interrupted. "I know she has red hair, but that is the limit of my exact information."

'Oh—well, her hair is, as you say, red, and she has little peering eyes. Her nose turns up—what there is of it; her mouth is large and her lips are thick, and she is freckled all over her face, which is red as well!"

"Oh, Pattie," exclaimed Leicester laughing, half in protest against the picture she had drawn, "is that a true description, or aren't you exaggerating? Though I thought you were too fond of her to make the worst of her."

"So I am," she returned quickly. "Some times I think I am too fond of her. But what I have told you is true; it is of no use trying to make out that she is prepossessing. Every one says it is most unfortunate, and that this is the only chance she is likely to have."

Leicester could not understand the sad emphasis that marked the last clause of the girl's speech.

When Rowena went to her aunt she found her in a state of suppressed jubilation over the advent, though affecting to blame Pattie for listening so soon to another lover.

"But then, poor child," she added, "it was such a relief to her to be released from that engagement that one cannot wonder at anything. It was not Charley's blindness—he was always too grave and studious for her, she was never at ease with him. I shall be at rest about her now; she will want for nothing, and live in congenial society; and poor Dolph is so devoted—he will make an excellent husband. As for Mrs. Carbutt, if she gives the young couple any trouble, I think I am well able to cope with her!"—tossing her handsome head.

She went on talking about the matter, and, in her exultation, told her niece of Dolph's possessions and prospects, and descanted upon the handsome income they would enjoy. Leicester's was ample, but Dolph Carbutt's would be nearly twice as much, as Rowena saw in a moment, and saw also, from her aunt's manner, that she had known it all along.

"So that is what Annie meant," she said to herself, when Mrs. Wyoming had gone to write an affectionate letter. "It was not Charley's blindness so much—that could have been put up with had he been as rich as Dolph Carbutt."

The girl was growing embittered against her aunt, though she tried not to show it; but she had determined, once for all, that it should never make any difference in her conduct towards Leicester.

CHAPTER VIII.

The time passed on quietly until March winds began to bluster, and the Lent lilies to lift their delicate heads above the ground.

The routine of life at River View was varied only by two journeys of Mrs. Wyoming's and Rowena's up to town to see Pattie, who still remained a welcome guest at Mrs. Carbutt's. On each occasion they spent one night there, returning the next day, so that Leicester hardly had time to miss them.

If Mrs. Wyoming was bored by the prolonged dulness of the winter residence in the country she did not say so; perhaps she was supported by the remembrance that the limit to it was at no very great distance.

Leicester had mentioned a year as the final test of his sweetheart's power of endurance.

When September should come round again there must be a change of some kind;

whether for better or worse would depend upon her chances of overruling the impulses—as strong as they were foolish, she said to herself—of that almost indomitable niece of hers.

She never would accomplish her object by coercion, she was quite aware; but Rowena had her weak points, and she knew them but too well. In the meantime, she carefully avoided mentioning the question of Rowena's marriage with Leicester at the end of the year.

By this time the change in the blind man was really remarkable, though to the two who were always with him, it could not seem so great as it did to outsiders—occasional callers who lived at Ealee, such as the curate and his wife, and one or two friends of theirs, whom Mrs. Wyoming did not so much fear, as they had made their acquaintance since Pattie's departure.

To these the alteration for the better in Leicester's condition, both of body and mind, was inexplicable, ignorant as they were of the new healing power that had been set to work.

He was as keen, as eager and ardent as he had ever been—so Mrs. Wyoming once told Rowena, in a fit of good-humor with her, when, through the girl's means, Leicester had rendered himself a very entertaining companion through some weary wet days—and much of his former distinguished air and easy manner returned along with his renewed confidence in himself.

As for that sullen and brooding countenance upon which, seven months since, she had looked with such compassion, Rowena could not understand how Pattie could ever have called it ugly, especially when those eyes were illuminated with the blessed power of vision.

Even now she thought him handsome in a style far more striking and pleasing than that of mere regularity of feature or mobility of countenance.

And Rowena herself, watching day by day the gradual revival to life's interests and joys of a human being who had seemed hopelessly dejected, and conscious that it was through her efforts, won by patience, could not be unhappy, though she might regret some things.

The knowledge that these months of self-abnegation had not been in vain could not fail to cheer her.

Mutual benefit had been the result of her winter's companionship with blind Charley Leicester.

If his demands upon her had been such as to draw her forcibly from the contemplation of her own troubles, she, on the other hand, had given him some new ideas—thoughts of others who suffered unheeded, and clever plans for their relief as diversion.

Many of the sick poor about Ealee had a blessing for the two as they were seen walking along. Leicester's hand always on her arm, his step following hers. He had always been generous, especially to his factory people, but in a careless indiscriminating way. Now he learned to care for each object of his charity, and to study to do what was really for the best.

Mrs. Wyoming thought this all nonsense, and told them that they must be very often imposed upon; but if it pleased Leicester and occupied his time, it really did not much matter, she said to herself, since it was all done with none of her money.

Early in the month bad news came—at first through the medium of the newspapers—news of the collapse of the firm of Carbutt and Co.; and while Mrs. Wyoming wondered and trembled, and refused to believe, a letter arrived from Pattie confirming the intelligence, and incoherently asking what to do.

The ruin was complete, and the house they lived in would shortly have to be sold.

Mrs. Wyoming's faculties were bewildered by this sudden stroke of ill-luck but only for about half an hour. Then she rose up to act, her usual energy augmented by the pressing circumstances.

"I shall go up to town at once," she told her niece, as they sat alone with the proofs of the dismal tidings before their eyes, Leicester having taken himself off on some pretext, to allow of their talking over their family affairs without restraint. "I shall go and take her away at once. Of course the engagement must be broken off—and the sooner she is got away the better!"

"But if Pattie likes Dolph she will not be willing to break it off, will she?" remarked Rowena.

"There can be no question of it," returned her aunt impatiently. "They haven't a penny between them—what is the use of talking about it?"

"They could wait a few years," Rowena ventured to suggest.

"Wait? For what? Till Pattie's beauty is gone, and Dolph finds that he will never be able to marry? She will not wait a day if I have anything to say in the matter!"

And as Rowena knew that her aunt would probably have more to say than anybody else, she supposed Pattie's fate to be settled, and pitied her greatly.

"You might be putting some of our things together," Mrs. Wyoming continued, "while I give the servants some orders, and speak to Charley. We shall be gone several days, I dare say. It is a pity you can't stay behind, for his sake, not to speak of the travelling expenses; but it can't be helped."

"But where shall we go, if we are to be away so long? And what will you do with Pattie when you have got her away?"

"We shall go to an hotel, until I can meet with some friends with whom to place her for a time. Of course I can't have the two of you here, and I must have time to think what is to be done."

While Rowena was up-stairs Leicester returned, and Mrs. Wyoming explained to him her intentions, and hoped he would not mind being left alone for a few days.

"I know what my niece is," she said—"a generous thoughtless girl who will promise away her life without a glance at the future—at the troubles awaiting young people who rush into matrimony with nothing to meet its expenses and trials. I am in great haste, and I will tell you why. I very much fear Dolph's urging her into a secret marriage, in dread of their being separated through this unfortunate affair. Now, that I should strongly object to, and hope to be in time to prevent. If they care for one another they can wait, without being married."

"I think you are very wise," he agreed heartily. "And I hope your niece will not have to take up to school-teaching again. Bring her back here with you until you can find something better for her than that. There is plenty of room, I am sure."

Mrs. Wyoming thanked him warmly.

"But I have told you so before," she added, "that I do not care about too much of her society for Pattie, she is so uncouth. Then she is very independent, and enjoys work. I shall see when I get there what is to be done with her, and, should no opening offer, I shall have your kind invitation to fall back upon."

They arrived in London by the evening train, and Mrs. Wyoming, seeing how late it was, decided to put off her visit until the next morning.

They took up their abode at a quiet hotel within walking distance of Park Place, and for the rest of the evening Rowena had to listen to her aunt's lamentations over the untoward turn events had taken.

When morning came Rowena was much relieved to learn that her aunt did not intend to take her to Park Place. In fact, Mrs. Wyoming feared the girl, with her quick impulses and righteous wrath, which might prove awkward at the kind of interview to which she was looking forward.

So she told Rowena that there was no need for her to be present at such a painful meeting, and she would rather some were at home ready to meet poor Pattie with a cheerful face, for the poor child would of course be more or less upset, and she had no doubt they would both have some unpleasantness to bear from Mrs. Carbutt's pride and temper.

She had made up her mind to endure it, but she did not expect Pattie to come through the ordeal very bravely.

Mrs. Wyoming went off in a cab, and Rowena sat at the window and watched the crowds and the hurrying vehicles, scarcely recognizing herself in this sudden idleness after the busy if quiet winter she had spent, sometimes trying to picture the scene at Park Place, sometimes wondering how Charley Leicester was whiling away the lonely hours.

Before she expected them, Mrs. Wyoming was back with Pattie, in tears, as had been anticipated, but not so much overcome as Rowena had feared, and not resenting her mother's arbitrary interference, however she might deprecate it.

She did not make much response to her cousin's clumsy attempts at comfort; and, indeed Rowena was so surprised to find herself suddenly awkward, although she had frequently and successfully performed similar tasks for Leicester, that it increased her self-consciousness most uncomfortably, and caused her aunt to stare at her in disapprobation, thinking it was the contrast with Pattie that made her appear at such a disadvantage, for she had considered her much improved.

After that first awkwardness was over, and Pattie had ceased crying, and had lamented to her heart's content over "poor Dolph" and his feelings, and had excused and condoned her own conduct aloud and repeatedly, she too noticed a change in Rowena, and, when her cousin had gone out of the room for a moment, confided to her mother how wonderfully Rowena had improved.

Luncheon was brought in, and Mrs. Wyoming persuaded Pattie to eat, her blandishments not proving in vain, and then she insisted upon her going to lie down in her room to try to sleep after the trying time they had had.

In Pattie's absence aunt Annie entertained her niece with an account of her visit to Park Place. Dolph, most fortunately, was out, and Mrs. Carbutt received her.

She was very angry, and refused to listen patiently while Mrs. Wyoming pointed out how it was quite as much for her son's good as for her own daughter's that she resolutely broke off the match.

"She even said," Mrs. Wyoming continued, in severely-virtuous indignation, "that I had given her to understand that Pattie had confident expectations from some relative, who also made her a small allowance now; and when I assured her that there must have been some mistake, as Pattie had nothing, and would have nothing beyond the trifle remaining after my death, she was quite abusive, and persisted that I was making her out to be penniless in order to serve my own ends. Now, was not that shameful, Rowena? You know, as well as I do, that dear Pattie has positively nothing. There is no one from whom she could have anything. I have made a point of mentioning this to you, so that if Mrs. Carbutt spreads the ill-natured report, and it comes to your ears, you can contradict it flatly. Really, a spiteful woman like that might do one a great deal of harm!"

Rowena understood, though her aunt flattered herself that she did not; but, in the company she was keeping now, the girl's sense of suspicion developed daily.

Mrs. Wyoming had had no objection, at one time, to her daughter's being reported to be an heiress in a small way; it had, no doubt, done good service in gaining her a welcome into the house of her wealthy suitor, but, now the work of the story was done, the plain undignified truth was acceptable in its turn.

Again Rowena pitied Pattie and condoned all her shortcomings, as the consequences of the rule under which she was held, thinking, had she been in the place of Pattie's mother, how the girl's charming face should have made its own way, unaided by any petty deceptions—should have found its own honest adorer, and have been allowed to charm him to the end.

"It was fortunate Dolph was out of the way," added Mrs. Wyoming. "Farewells are so distressing."

"She'n't you let them say good-bye, then?"

"No, indeed! Why, that would undo all I have been doing! Don't look so horrified, Rowena—it a mercy that Pattie does not take things so tragically as you do, or, with all the poor girl's troubles, she would be fairly worn out."

"Is she satisfied, then, not to see him again?"

"Pattie believes that I know what is best for her, and is content to submit her will to mine. She always was a good and obedient child. If she had your disposition, together with her own attractions, I should have been driven crazy long before this!"

That evening Mrs. Wyoming took them to a Ballad Concert, "to cheer Pattie up," as she said; and certainly Pattie did not seem so overcome with grief as to be unable to observe the notice her pretty face attracted.

On their return to the hotel Dolph Carbutt's card lay on the table to greet them, with a pencil-line to the effect that he would call again on the next day. At the sight of it Pattie had a fresh fit of crying, after which her mother made her go to bed.

The next morning Pattie's breakfast was sent to her room, and Mrs. Wyoming and Rowena took theirs *tete-a-tete*.

"I must go up directly we have finished," said Mrs. Wyoming, "or we shall have that tiresome fellow stealing a march upon us. It was the most fortunate thing we were out last night—but I had an idea that he would call when I decided upon going. This morning I shall take you shopping—not that I dare spend much money; but a few things will distract Pattie's thoughts, and we must be out of his way."

Pattie, with the aid of her mother and cousin, was got ready in another hour, and then they set off at once. They rode in a cab as far as Regent Street, for fear of meeting Dolph on his way to the hotel, afterwards they walked about and looked at the shops.

Pattie was smilingly gazing at a window, full of new dresses, her mother having given her her choice, when Rowena, who was looking in at the window too, heard one of the passers-by stop and step back, and, turning round, she met the astonished eyes of Errol Hayter.

"The last person I should have thought of seeing!" he ejaculated somewhat unceremoniously; but the heartiness of his hand-clasp compensated for that.

Before Rowena had time to recover from her surprise he had turned his attention to Pattie, and was claiming acquaintance with her, which she seemed in no way inclined to disallow, but at once proceeded to introduce him to her mother.

"Rowena's friend—I remember the name perfectly," said Mrs. Wyoming graciously; and she instantly fell into conversation with him, with that ease which had done so much for her in making her way in the society she had always endeavored to cultivate.

They all moved on together after a few minutes—they were going the same way and presently Mrs. Wyoming said pleasantly—

"I am monopolizing you, and that is very selfish of me, when I am sure you must want a chat with your old friend Rowena."

"Oh, but I hope we shall have more opportunities than this!" he returned brightly, looking at Rowena as he spoke.

Her aunt looked at her too, and Pattie. Rowena felt that she was expected to speak, and as a natural consequence, could think of nothing to say; but at last she stammered out an inquiry after the health of his parents, and then saw that he was in mourning.

"You have lost some one," she added, in sudden alarm. "Who is it? Not——"

But his bright face contradicted her first surmise before he could speak.

"My father and mother are quite well, and younger, I think, than ever," he assured her, with a smile. "It is my uncle who is dead. Do you remember, when I called to see you at Ealee, I was on my way to see an uncle at Moorfields? He was ailing then, and sent for me; but his illness did not seem serious, and we little thought how soon he would be gone, nor—how much he would leave behind him."

It was awkwardly put, but he seemed anxious to tell his news. Rowena was too interested in the matter to notice the manner of his speech.

Mrs. Wyoming too listened intently, though, of course, she could take no part in their conversation about people of whom she knew nothing.

"Do you mean that he was rich, Errol?" Rowena asked.

The young man nodded gravely, though the brightness of his fair face, the smile in his blue eyes, almost overcame his gravity.

"A great deal richer than we had any idea of. He sent for me, as he said from the first, to make me his heir, but we had no idea of what he had to leave. It is all mine."

"I am so glad!" cried Rowena. "Now you will be able to give your time up to music, whether it pays or not! Oh, I am glad!"

He thanked her, and Mrs. Wyoming chimed in with—

"And I am sure I add my congratulations to my niece's."

Without waiting for him to speak she continued—

"Is music your favorite pursuit too, as it is my Pattie's here?"—looking at her daughter with fond playfulness.

The young fellow's face flushed vividly, and he looked so pleased that his gratification must have been patent to the most careless observer; but Mrs. Wyoming was not careless, and from the first she had noticed his frequent glances at Pattie.

"I care for it more than for anything else," he said, "and am indeed pleased to know that I have a taste in common with Miss Wyoming"—looking across at her still rather bashfully, but intently.

Pattie smiled charmingly, and declared that she was devoted to music.

Rowena, who thought her cousin had never taken much pains to keep it up, stared a little. She herself had spent hours of delight in the study of it, until she had given up all to Leicester; then she sacrificed that along with her other inclinations, since it was of no service to him.

"And how long is it since the death of your uncle?" inquired Mrs. Wyoming, suddenly assuming the correct air of condolence as she put the question.

"Three months," replied Errol. "I am in town now, on business connected with the will."

"Oh, indeed! And you are all alone? I dare say you hardly know what to do with all your spare time. There is so much delay in these affairs."

"There is," he agreed rather eagerly. "And I am all alone at an hotel, and the time does drag sometimes."

"I should think so; and I was about to say, that whenever you like to drop in for a chat with three lonely women you will be welcome."

"Oh, I shall be very pleased, I am sure!" he responded at once, with a radiant look that told Rowena he had not forgotten the day when he stood at the gate of River View, and Pattie passed him by and impressed him with her first glance.

Rowena knew that no man ever had looked, or would look like that for her; but she let it pass with a philosophy that surprised herself, grieving as she had done at intervals ever since that rude shock that had taught her that years of friendship, of liking gradually changing into something tenderer than liking, must all be as nothing before a glance from under Pattie's long lashes and a smile of her pretty pouting lips.

They wandered on together, talking of many things. Mrs. Wyoming had the power of bringing out the best in a young man when she chose, and of making him surprised to find what a fine fellow he was.

Finally, she asked Errol to return with them to luncheon, and he accepted the invitation, making however an excuse to go to his hotel first. He put them into a cab, promising to follow in half an hour, and all the way home they talked of him, the meeting seeming to have caused quite a pleasant diversion.

Mrs. Wyoming pronounced him to be both good-looking and well-mannered, and gently rallied Rowena on having kept her handsome friend so carefully in the background.

Rowena, flushed and confused, eagerly protested against this, stammering and trying to explain why she did not bring him in when he came to River View, until her aunt, as though in kindly pity for her, interposed.

"There, my dear, I was only joking; nobody suspects you of anything of the kind, I am sure!"

Rowena, feeling the hidden sting, was silent directly.

Another of Dolph Carbutt's cards met their gaze on their arrival at the hotel. They were told that Mr. Carbutt had waited an hour and a half, and was coming again that afternoon.

Mrs. Wyoming was almost dismayed by his persistence.

"These weak-minded people are so obstinate," she said impatiently to her niece, who could not help thinking of the time when poor Dolph was "such a sweet-tempered fellow—just the one to make my Pattie happy." "He will be here before Mr. Hayter has gone, and we shall not be able to get out of his way."

She went off to her daughter's room to give her aid at her toilette, and at the luncheon-table Pattie looked sweeter than ever, with not a trace of tears on her cheeks or in her eyes.

The object of Errol's excuse to leave them was evident when he appeared with the last new song, which Pattie had admitted she had not heard yet.

It was so pretty, he said, she would be sure to be pleased with it, and he had ventured to bring a copy for her to try over.

If Mrs. Wyoming's thoughts were all distracted by fears of the unwelcome visitor to come, she showed no trace of perturbation as she sat at luncheon.

Rowena could not remember ever seeing her aunt looking more gracious and contented. The meal was hardly over when "Mr. Carbutt" was announced.

Mrs. Wyoming rose from her chair, and smiling begged her guest to excuse her for a minute—it was somebody she was obliged to see.

There was an awkward silence after she had left the room, but it did not last long, as Errol Hayter, who had never heard the name of Pattie's friends, was not suffering from any consciousness about the caller, as the girls were doing, and began to talk about places and things that he should like them to see during their stay in town, speaking to both, but addressing himself more particularly to Pattie.

Mrs. Wyoming was absent quite ten minutes. Rowena, feeling as much anxious interest as though the matter concerned herself, strained her ears for sounds without, and fancied now and then she heard an angry voice; but she could not be sure amid the many other noises both indoors and out.

She looked at her cousin, laughing and dimpling over her talk with Errol, blushing prettily at his ardent glances, and wondered how she could control the uneasiness she must be feeling, not to speak of the natural longing she must have to see her poor lover who had been discarded for no fault of his own.

Mrs. Wyoming re-entered the room, with a face as undisturbed and smiling as when she left it. She apologized for the length of her absence, to which Errol certainly did not seem at all inclined to take exception.

Then the new song was tried, Pattie at the piano, and the other three standing near her.

She looked lovely in her black-lace dress, with a cluster of pinkish-white geraniums at her throat, and Rowena saw that Errol was paying far more attention to her than to the music, which was the reason perhaps he did not discover that Pattie was somewhat out of practice.

Rowena, in Pattie's half-worn velveteen—in which however she looked far better than she had ever done in her own dresses—was not asked to play or sing; but she did not mind that, as she would have other opportunities of trying the song.

She watched Errol a good deal, when she could do so without being observed. She was surprised; he was not the man she had imagined him to be, though she was very loath to own herself even slightly disappointed in him.

He seemed to her now a little vain and shallow; the remarks he made sounded to her ears hardly worthy of the soul she had thought he possessed; she even found fault—though she was much shocked when she discovered herself doing so—with his delicate features, as being unmanly.

"How hateful I am!" she said to herself, becoming aware of her criticisms of her old comrade, the son of her dear friend and benefactor—the man who once was nearly becoming her lover. "Can I be jealous? Is that it? Well, then, the sooner I get over it and come to my senses, the better!"

Presently Mrs. Wyoming remarked that though the accompaniment of the song was certainly difficult, she thought Pattie must know it well enough now, and she should like to hear her sing the song through.

So Pattie obeyed, and Mrs. Wyoming beckoned the visitor over to her side, at first detaining him with some trivial remarks about the concert of the previous evening; but very soon his air of polite attention was changed for one of deep interest.

Rowena, who had not dared to offer to play her cousin's accompaniment for her, lest Mrs. Wyoming should think she wanted to put Pattie in the shade, had sat down and taken up a scrap-book, to seem occupied, and whenever the music swelled louder, and her aunt's voice was necessarily raised, she could hear fragments of what was being said.

"I have so much trouble about Pattie," came to her on one of these occasions. "Of course I am obliged to be very careful with a girl like that. And she has so many undesirable admirers, and the dear child does not recognize that they are so; she she does not concern herself with these things, and I suppose she is too young for me to expect it of her just yet, and so she does not trouble herself to repulse them firmly—I have to do that! Perhaps she rather enjoys her little conquests—likes to feel her power, as young girls do"—smilingly.

Rowena did no hear the reply, as the next verse commenced very softly. After a little while she overheard Mrs. Wyoming's decided tones again—

"No, she never cared for any one yet. Had she done so my anxieties would have been redoubled. Why, when I left the table at luncheon, it was to send away a very tiresome young man who has been persecuting her mercilessly——"

The music suddenly grew soft again. It was some time before Rowena heard anything more, though her aunt seemed to be growing very confidential, talking eagerly and rapidly, while Errol listened with his head bent. Presently the changes of the air required Mrs. Wyoming to speak out again.

"Yes, I made up my mind then and there. It is the best thing to do, I am sure. One cannot be out all day long. I should be so glad if you could recommend some nice quiet and convenient place, just for a few days, until I make up my mind what to do."

The song came to an end just then, and after they had thanked Pattie, and praised her performance, Errol Hayter mentioned the hotel where he was staying as an extremely desirable abode in all respects, and Mrs. Wyoming, after a certain amount of hesitation and inquiry, accepted his offer to engage rooms for them.

Rowena understood, from what she had gathered, that they were to leave the place at which they were saying, on account of Dolph Carbutt's persistence, and go where he would not find them.

Mrs. Wyoming was on terms of confidential intimacy with her visitor when he left, and he was to return in the evening to take them to the theatre, bringing word with him about the room, though he had already said that he knew they could have them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PASTIMES OF ANIMALS.—Dogs, though not able to squander their time over a newspaper, will spend hour after hour seated at a window, watching all that passes in the street; or, in the evening, regarding a mouse hole—not with the slightest idea of gain or profit, but merely as an agreeable means of passing away the time.

Then there are the long-continued flights of tame pigeons about our houses, the quadrille of the house-fly across our ceiling, the gamboling of gnats, and the hovering in the sun of those bright-colored two-winged flies, sometimes called drones.

Even the patient ass, that beast of many woes, is naturally light-hearted, though his ordinary relaxation seldom goes beyond a roll in the dusty road when off duty.

But those who have kept and cared for one know well enough his loud, clear bray of honest recognition and joy at the sight of any one to whom he is attached; while an underworked, joyous donkey, fond of sport, has been even seen to indulge in hunting pigs around a farm yard, catching and holding them by the tail until their squeals brought the owner to rescue.

No boy out of school shows his sense of happiness or freedom more strongly than a horse or pony does when first turned loose for a run at grass—tearing round the paddock, now stopping for a moment to snort and fill his lungs with fresh air, and then, with a kick up of his heels, continuing his gallop.

These spells of play last longer with some horses than others, depending often upon the length of time the animal has been stable fed.

A horse that is turned out daily merely trots off a few yards, with a merry laugh before beginning to nibble the fresh sweet grass.

In the stable the amusements of horses too often takes the form of wanton mischief, or some such horse-play as unhooking a stable-jacket and tearing it up, or biting holes in their own clothing, kicking their stalls into bits, etc., while a very playful pony has been known to indulge in pulling the feathers out of pigeons' tails.

Talking of pigeons reminds us of the quantity of small talk indulged in by them and certain other birds before retiring for the night or beginning work for the day.

House-sparrows, starlings, and rooks are all very chatty at these times; while birds who lead more solitary lives nearly always end and begin the day with a song.

Dogs do not chew or smoke. But a dog nearly always keeps a store of favorite old bones by him, one of which he loves to bring to the fireside, to pass away half an hour before going to bed gnawing at it.

Light-hearted dogs will often end a spell of chewing at their bone with a game of pitch-and-toss with it. We have even known dogs to play pitch-and-toss with a single pellet of shot.

One sees more of the dog and the cat and their pastimes than of other animals, but it is likely that in a state of nature most beasts spend quite as much of their life in killing time as do these.

Bric-a-Brac.

ANTS' EGGS.—Ants' eggs are eaten in Brazil; they are served with a resinous sauce. In Siam there are people who consider a curry of these delicacies a choice but costly luxury.

THE CUCKOO.—The hen lays her egg on the ground, then takes it in her bill, and, finding the nest of a suitable parent—that is, a parent who will feed the young one on the proper food—deposits her egg therein, and goes her way to enjoy herself, free from the cares and responsibilities of a family. The foster-parents are most commonly the hedge-sparrow, reed-warbler, pied wagtail and meadow pipit.

THE COLOR OF HORSES.—Although we know very well that "a good horse can never be of a bad color," yet prejudices on the matter of color may be traced to the earlier times. The Arab of Sahara are very particular as to this point. They believe that white is the color for princes, but will not stand heat; that the black brings good fortune, but fears rocky ground; and that the chestnut is most active. The dark gray is also highly esteemed, while the piebald is most despised: "Flee him like the pestilence, for he is own brother to the cow:" is the saying about him.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—There is in New York a fashionable boarding school where young women are taught to enter and get out of a carriage. A vehicle with the pedal arrangements for this sort of exercise is kept in the back-yard of the educational establishment, and the carriage classes are put through most arduous training. Another accomplishment peculiar to this gilt-edged academy is learning to eat asparagus, oranges and other unmanageable viands in a style representing the perfection of table manners.

FARM LIFE IN CHINA.—A farmer may be hired by the year from eight to fourteen dollars, with food, clothing, head-shaving and tobacco. Those who work by the day receive from eight to ten cents, with a noon-day meal. At the planting and harvesting of rice, wages are from ten to twenty cents a day, with five meals; or thirty cents a day without food. Few land-owners hire hands, except for a few days during the planting and harvesting of rice. Those who have more land than they and their sons can till, lease it to their neighbors. Much land is held on leases given by ancient proprietors to clansmen whose descendants now till, paying from seven to fourteen dollars' worth of rice annually for its use.

IN A PERSIAN STREET.—In such a climate as that of Teheran life is naturally passed chiefly in the open air. The chill of winter, rarely severe, seems to make little difference in the habits of the people. The shops are all open in the streets; the customers stand outside, and even the shopkeeper attends to most of his business from the exterior of the shop. If he is a baker, grocer or costermonger, in all probability he and the customer both stand in the street, retreating into the shop only when a string of camels or a dashing cortege forces them to move out of the way. A carpenter may be seen arranging a piece of joinery on the pavement in front of his shop. The schools often in no wise differ from the shops; in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare one may see twenty or thirty lads seated on their heels repeating the lesson together in monotonous voices.

TAKING A WIFE.—The Macusi Indian abstains entirely from food for some time previous to taking a wife. When his probationary period has expired, the marriage is performed by the chief of the tribe, in the centre of a few square yards of the savannah which has been cleared of grass and stones. Over this space mats, made of the parallel strips of the seta palm, are spread. When all is ready the bride and bridegroom are placed in the clearing, surrounded by the whole of the village population. On the completion of the ceremony, which is exceedingly brief, the husband immediately transports himself and his possession to his father-in-law's house, where he lives and works. When the family of the young couple becomes too large to be comfortably housed in the father-in-law's establishment, the young husband builds a house for himself by the side of that of his wife's father. A complete and final separation between husband and wife may be made at the will of the husband at any time before the birth of children; but afterwards, nothing but death can free the one from the other. If during the courtship he deserts his first love, he may strangely enough, claim all the durable presents he has given, such as beads and ornaments.

YEARS AGO.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water lillies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded years ago.

How we met and loved and parted
None on earth can ever know,
Nor how pure and gentle hearted
Beamed the mourned one year ago.

Like the stream with lilies laden
Will life's future current flow,
Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished years ago.

Hearts that love like mine forget not—
They're the same in weal and woe,
And that star of mem'ry sets not
In the grave of years ago.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MRS. VANE left Parker at the hotel with a message for the General, should he appear, that she was going to her dentist's and thence to her brother's lodgings.

But she and Sabina Meldreth went straight to Scotland Yard and had an interview with one of the police-authorities.

Mrs. Vane's statement was clear and concise. She was complimented on the cleverness that she had displayed; and Sabina was shown a photograph of Andrew Westwood taken while he was in prison at Portland.

She could not be quite so certain that it was Mr. Dare as Flossy would have desired her to be; but the evidence was on the whole so far conclusive that it was determined to arrest Mrs. Gunn's lodger on suspicion.

If he could give a satisfactory account of himself, and if he could not be identified, he would of course have to be set free again; but it seemed possible, if not probable, that Reuben Dare was the very man for whom the police had searched so vainly and so long.

A cab was summoned, and an inspector of police as well as a detective in plain clothes and a constable politely followed Sabina into it.

Mrs. Vane thought it more becoming to her position not to assist in the arrest. She therefore remained behind, unable to resist the temptation of awaiting their return with the prisoner.

She waited for nearly two hours. Then the cab came back again, and out of it emerged two police officers and Sabina; but no detective, and no Reuben Dare.

Flossy's heart beat quickly with a mixture of rage and fear. Had she taken all this trouble for nothing, and had Reuben Dare given a satisfactory account of himself after all?

"The bird has flown, ma'am!" said the inspector, entering the office where she sat, with a rather crestfallen air. "He must have got some notion of what was in the wind; for he went out this morning when Miss Meldreth left the house, and evidently does not intend to come back again. He has left his portmanteau; but he has emptied it of everything that he could carry away, and left two sovereigns on the table in payment of his rent and other expenses for the week."

"He has gone to his daughter!" cried Flossy sharply, starting up. "Why have you not been to her? I gave you her address."

"No use, ma'am," said the inspector shaking his head. "We've been round there already, and left Mullins to watch the house. But I expect we are too late. We ought to have known last night. Amateurs in the detective line are sometimes very clever; but they are not always sharp enough for our work. The young woman has also disappeared."

* * * * * *

Mrs. Vane's unusual absence from her home had not been without its results. Little Dick held high carnival all by himself in the drawing-room and the conservatory, and Enid, feeling herself equally freed from the restraint usually put upon her, wandered out into the garden, and found a cool and shady spot where she could establish herself at ease in a comfortable basket-chair.

She did not feel disposed for exertion; all that she wished to do was to lie still and to keep silence.

The old unpleasant feeling of illness had been growing upon her more and more during the last few days.

She was seldom free from nausea, and suffered a great deal from faintness and palpitation of the heart.

As she lay back in her cushioned chair, her face looked very small and white, the blue-veined eyelids singularly heavy.

She was sorry to hear the footsteps of a passer-by resounding on the pathway not far from the spot which she had chosen; but she hoped that the gardener or caller, or whoever it might chance to be, would go by without noticing her white dress between the branches of the tree.

But she was doomed to be disappointed.

The footsteps slackened, then turned aside. She was conscious that some one's hand parted the branches—that some one's eyes were regarding her; but she was too languid to look up.

Let the stranger think that she was asleep; then surely he would go upon his way and leave her in peace.

"Miss Vane," said a deep manly voice that she did not except to her, "I beg your pardon—do I disturb you?"

Enid opened her heavy eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Evandale—not at all, thank you!"

"I was afraid that you were asleep," said the Rector, instantly coming to her side; "and in that case I should have taken the still greater liberty of awaking you, for there is a sharp east wind in spite of the hot sunshine, and to sleep in the shade, as I feared that you were doing, would be dangerous."

"Thank you," said Enid.

She sat erect for a minute, then gradually sank back amongst her cushions, as if not equal to the task of maintaining herself upright.

The Rector stood beside her, a look of trouble in his kind frank eyes.

"Shall I give you my arm back to the house?" he said.

"Oh, no, thank you—I am not ill, Mr. Evandale!"

"But you are not well—at least, not very strong!"

"Well—no. No—I suppose that I am not very strong."

She turned away her head; but, notwithstanding the movement, he saw that a great tear was gathering underneath the veined eyelid, ready to drop as soon as ever it had a chance.

"Miss Vane," said the Rector suddenly, "are you in any trouble? Excuse me for asking; but your face tells its own story. You were happier a year ago than you are now."

"Oh, yes," the girl sighed—"much happier!"—and then the tear fell.

"Can I do anything to help you? My mission is to those who are in any trouble; and, apart from that, I thought once that you looked upon me as a friend."

There was a touch of human emotion in the last words which seemed to bring him closer to Enid than the earlier sentence could have done.

"But I know you have no need of me," the Rector added sorrowfully; "you have so many friends."

"I have not a friend in the world!" the girl broke out.

She hid her face with her transparently thin fingers and tried to conceal the fact that she was weeping.

"Not a friend, Miss Vane!"

Mr. Evandale's tone betrayed complete bewilderment.

"Whom would you call my friend?" said Enid, almost passionately. "Not a man like my poor uncle, duped, blinded, deceived by any one who chooses to cajole! Not a woman like his wife, who hates me, and wants me out of the way lest I should claim a share of the estate? Oh, I know what I am saying—I know too well! I can trust neither of them—for he is weak and under her control, and she has never been a friend to me or mine. I do not know what to do or where to go for counsel."

"I heard a rumor that you were engaged to marry Mr. Hubert Lepel," said the Rector gayly. "If that be true, he surely should be counted amongst your many friends."

"A man," said Enid, with bitterness of which he would not have thought her capable, "who cares for me less than the last new play or the latest debutante at Her Majesty's! Should I call him one of my friends?"

"Is it not true then that you are engaged to him?"

"I thought that I was," said Enid, still very bitterly. "He asked me to marry him; I thought that he loved me, and I—I consented. But my uncle has now withdrawn the half consent he gave. I am to be asked again, they tell me, when I am twenty. I am their chattel—a piece of goods to be given away and taken back. And then you ask me if I am happy, or if I call the man that treats me so lightly a friend!"

"I see—I see. But matters may turn out yet better than you think. Mr. Lepel is probably only kept back by the General's uncertainty of action. I can quite conceive that it would put a man into an awkward position."

"I do not think that Hubert cares much," said Miss Vane with a little sarcasm in her tone.

"He must care!" said Evandale impetuously.

"Why?"

She suddenly turned her innocent eyes upon him in surprise.

"Why should he care?"

"Because he—he must care."

The answer was very ridiculously inadequate he knew, but he had nothing else to say.

"How can he help caring when he sees that you care?—unless he has no more feeling than a stone."

He smote his hand angrily against the trunk of a tree.

Still Enid looked at him with the same expression of amazement.

But little by little his emotion seemed to affect her too—the blush to pass from her face to her pale cheeks.

"But—but," she stammered, at length, "you are wrong—in that way—in the way you think. I do not care."

"You do not care! For whom do you not care?"

"As a cousin," said Enid rather faintly, "yes."

"Not as a lover?"

The Rector spoke so low she could hardly hear a word.

"No."

"Not as a husband?"

"No."

"Then why did you consent to marry him?"

One question had followed another so naturally that the strangeness of each had not been felt. But Enid's cheeks were crimson now.

"Oh, I don't know—don't ask me! I felt miserable, and I thought he would be a help to me—and he isn't. I can't talk to him—I can't trust him—I can't ask him what to do! And we are both bound, and yet we are not bound; and it is as wretched for him as it is for me—and I don't know what to do."

"Could you trust me better than you have trusted him?" said the Rector hoarsely.

He knew that he was not acting quite in accordance with what men usually termed the laws of honor; but it seemed to him that the time had come for contempt of a merely conventional law.

Was Perseus, arriving ere the sacrifice of Andromeda was completed, to hesitate in rescuing her because the sea-monster had prior rights, forsooth?

Was he—Maurice Evandale—to stand aside while this delicate creature—the only woman he had ever loved—was badgered into an early grave by cold-hearted kinsmen who wanted to sacrifice her to some family whim? He would do what he could to save her! There was something imperious in his heart which would not let him hold his tongue.

"Trust you? Oh, yes—I could trust you with anything!" said Enid half unconscious of the full meaning of her words.

"Do you understand me?" said Mr. Evandale.

He dropped upon one knee beside her chair, so as to bring his face to a level with hers, and gently took both her hands between his own as he spoke.

"I want you to trust me with your life—with yourself. Make no mistake this time, Enid. Could you not only trust me, but care for me? For, if you can, I will do my best to make you happy."

"Oh, I don't know!" said Enid.

She looked at him as if frightened, then withdrew her hands from his clasp and put them before her face.

"It is so sudden—I never thought——"

"You never thought that I loved you? No; I have kept silent because I thought that you loved another. But, if that is not true, and if you are only trying to uphold a family arrangement which is painful perhaps to both of you, why, then, there is nothing to keep me silent! I step in and offer you a way out of the difficulty. If you can love me I am ready to give you my whole life, Enid. I have never in my life loved a woman as I love you. And I think that you could care for me a little; I seem to read it in your eyes—your poor tired eyes! Rest on me, my darling—trust to me—and we will fight through your difficulties together."

He had drawn her gently towards him as he spoke.

She did not resist; her head rested on his shoulder, her slender fingers stole again into his hand; she drew a sigh of perfect well-being and content.

This man, at any rate, she could trust with all her heart.

"Do you love me a little, Enid!"

"I think so."

"You are not yet sure?"

"I am not sure of anything; I have been so tossed about—so perplexed—so troubled. I feel as if I could be at rest with you—is that enough?"

"For the present. We will wait; and, if you feel more for me, or if you feel less—whatever happens—you must let me know, and I will be content."

"You are very good! But, oh"—with a sudden shrinking movement—"I shall have broken my word!"

"Yes; I am sorry that you have to do it. But better break your word than marry a man you do not love."

"And who does not love me," said Enid in an exceedingly low tone.

"Are you really sure of that, Enid?" he said.

"Indeed—indeed I think so! He is so cold and indifferent, and we never agree when we talk together—he seems impatient of my ideas. Our tastes are quite different; I am sure that I should not be happy with him, nor he with me."

"You will be brave then, my love, and tell him so?"

"Yes."

But again she shrank from him.

"Oh, what shall I do if she—if Flossy tells me that I must?"

Mr. Evandale frowned.

"Are you so much afraid of Mrs. Vane as that?"

"Yes," she said timorously—"I am. She—she frightens me! Oh, don't be angry! I know that I am very weak; but indeed I cannot help it!"

Then she burst into tears.

"My darling, my poor little Enid, I am not angry at all! We will brave her together, you and I. You shall not be afraid of her any longer; you will know that I am always near you to protect you—to strengthen you. And you will trust to me?"

She tried to answer "Yes;" but her strength suddenly seemed to die away from her.

She slipped from his arm and lay back on the cushions; a bluish tinge overspread her lips; her face turned deathly white; she seemed upon the verge of swooning.

Evandale, alarmed as he was, did not lose his presence of mind. Fortunately he had in his pocket a flask of brandy which he had been about to carry to a sick parishioner.

In a moment he had it uncorked and was compelling her to swallow a mouthful or two; then he fanned her with the great black fan which had lain upon her lap; and finally he remembered that he had seen a great watering-can full of water standing in the garden path not far away, and found that it had not been removed.

The cold water with which he moistened her lips and brow brought her to herself; in a few minutes she was able to look up at him and smile, and presently declared herself quite well. But Evandale was very grave.

"Are you often faint, Enid?" he asked quietly.

"Rather often; but this"—with a little tinge of color in her pale cheeks—"this is like the other."

"I know; but I do not like you to turn faint in this way. May I ask you a few questions about yourself?"

"Oh, yes—I know that you are quite a doctor!" said Enid, smiling at him with perfect confidence.

So the Rector put his questions—and very strange questions some of them were, thought Enid, though he was wonderfully correct in guessing what she felt.

Yes, she was nearly always faint and weak; she had a strange burning sensation sometimes in her chest; she had violent palpitations and odd feelings of terrible fright and depression.

But the doctor had assured her that she had not the faintest trace of organic disease of the heart, and that these functional disturbances would speedily pass away.

Mr. Ingledew had sounded her and told her that she need not be alarmed—and of course he was a very clever man.

"Enid," said the Rector at last, after a long pause and rather as if he was trying to make a sort of joke, which, after all, was not amusing, "I am going to ask you what you will think a very foolish question. Have you an enemy in the house—here, at Beechfield Hall?"

Enid's eyes dilated with a look of terror.

"Why—why do you ask?"

"It is a ridiculous question, is it not? But I thought that perhaps somebody had been playing on your nerves, and wanting to frighten you about yourself. Is there anybody who might possibly do so?"

Her lips parted twice before any articulate sound issued from them. At last he caught the answer—

"Only Flossy."

He was silent for a moment.

"Do you take any medicine?" he asked at length.

"Yes; Mr. Ingledew sent me some."

"What is it like?"

"I don't know; it is not disagreeable. Flossy looked at it, and said that it was a calming mixture."

"I should like to see the prescription; perhaps it does not quite suit you. And who gives it to you?"

"I take it myself; it is kept in my bedroom."

"And what else do you drink and eat?" said the Rector, smiling. "You see, I am quite the learned physician. I want to know all about your habits."

"Oh, I eat and drink just what other people do!"

"Are you thirsty at night?"

"Yes—very. How did you guess that? I have orange-water or lemonade put beside me every night, so that I may drink it if I wake up."

And then Evandale, who was watching her intently, saw that her face changed as if an unpleasant thought had recurred to her.

"What is it, dear?"

"It was only a dream I have had several times—it troubles me whenever I think of it; but I know that it is only a dream."

"Won't you tell me what it was? I should like to hear! Lay your head back on my shoulder again and tell me about it."

Enid sighed again, but it was with bliss.

"Perhaps I shall not dream if I tell it all to you," she murmured. "It seems to me sometimes as if—in the middle of the night—I wake up and see some one in the room—a white figure standing by my bed; and she is always pouring something into my glass; or sometimes she offers it to me and makes me drink; and she looks at me as if she hates me; and I—I am afraid!"

"But who is it, my darling?"

"I suppose it is nobody, because nobody else sees it but me. I made Parker sleep with me two or three times; but she said that she saw nothing, and that she was certain that nobody come into the room. I suppose it was a—a ghost!"

"Nonsense, dearest!"

"The it was an optical illusion, and I am going out of my mind," said Enid despairingly.

"Was the figure like that of any one you know?"

"Yes—Flossy."

"Mrs. Vane? And you think that she does not like you?"

"I know that she hates me."

"My darling, it is simply a nightmare—nothing more."

But he felt her trembling in his arms.

"It is more than a nightmare, I am sure. You know what people used to say that I might go out of my mind if those terrible seizures attacked me? I have not had so many of them lately; but I feel weaker than ever I did—I feel as if I were going to

die. Perhaps it would be better if I were to die, and then I should not be a trouble and a care to anybody. And it would be better to die than to go mad, would it not?"

"Enid," said the Rector very gravely, "I believe that your malady is entirely one of the nerves, and that it can be controlled. You must try to believe, my darling, that you could conquer it if you tried. When you feel the approach of one of these seizures, as you call them, resolve that you will not give way. By a determined effort I think that it is possible for you to ward them off. Will you try, for my sake Enid dear?"

"I will try," said Enid wearily; "but I am afraid that try will only be useless."

"And another thing—I do not believe that Mr. Ingledew is giving you the right kind of medicine. I want you quietly to stop taking it for a week, and to stop drinking lemonade or orange-water at night. In a week's time let us see how you feel. If you are no better, I will talk to Ingledew myself. Will you promise me that? Say, 'Yes, Maurice.'"

"Yes, Maurice—I promise you."

"And one more thing, my own dearest. When that nightmare attacks you again, try to conquer you fear of it. Do not lie still; rise up and see what it really is. You may find that your dreamy state has misled you, and that what you took for a threatening figure is merely that of a servant who has had orders to come and see whether you were sleeping or not. Nightmares often resolve themselves into very harmless things. And of the supernatural I do not think that you need be alarmed; God is always near you—He will not suffer you to be frightened by phantoms of the night. Remember when you wake that I shall be thinking of you—praying for you. I am often up very late, and I do not sleep heavily. I shall probably be awake thinking of you, or I may be praying for you, darling, in my very dreams. Will you think of that and try to be brave?"

"I feel braver now," said the girl simply. "Yes, Maurice, I will do all you ask. I do not think that I shall ever feel afraid again."

He left her soon afterwards, and returned on the following morning, to hear, not with surprise, that she had slept better, that she had had no nightmare, and that she suffered less from nausea and faintness than usual.

Mrs. Vane was away for a second night, and he had time to see Enid again before her return.

She had not touched her medicine-bottles, and there was again a slight but marked improvement in her condition.

Mr. Evandale induced her to fetch one of the bottles of Mr. Ingledew's mixture, which he put into his pocket and conveyed to his own home.

Here he smelt, tasted, and to some extent analysed it. The result was such as to plunge him for a short time into deep troubled thought.

"I expected it," he said at last, with a sigh.

"The symptoms were those of digitalis-poisoning," he continued to himself. "There is not enough in this concoction to do her very much harm however. It is given to her in some other form—in that lemonade at night perhaps. Well, I shall soon see whether my suspicions are correct or not when Mrs. Vane comes home."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CYNTHIA, unconscious of the plots of which she was at present the innocent centre, was meanwhile contending with a sensation of profound discouragement, mental and physical.

She had a severe headache, and was deeply depressed in spirits.

She had lain awake almost entirely for two nights trying to reconcile her ideal of Hubert with the few words that had escaped him—words which surely pointed to a darker knowledge, a deadlier guilt than any which her love could of itself have attributed to him.

Had he known then all the time that her father was not a murderer? Was her father's theory correct?

Had he been screening his sister at the poor working-man's expense? Cynthia's blood ran cold at the thought, for, in that case, what side was she to take?

She could not abandon her father—she might abandon Hubert; but, strange mystery of a woman's heart, she could not love him less.

What she could do she knew not. For Enid's sake indeed she had set him free; but in the hour of her anguish she questioned her right to do so; for surely, if he knew more of the manner of Sydney Vane's death than the world knew, there was even a greater barrier between him and Enid than between him and Cynthia herself.

Enid would give him up—Cynthia felt sure of that; and, if she gave him up too, he would be alone.

The world might say that he deserved his loneliness; but she could not take the world's view.

To her the man that she loved was sacred his faults were to be screened, his crimes forgiven.

Whatever he did, she could never cease to love him.

So she said to herself; but, after all, her hour of trial had not come; she did not know as yet all that Hubert Lepel had done.

She had seen Hubert leave her with a sensation of the deepest dismay. She felt that a crisis had come and gone, and that in some way she had failed to turn it to the best account.

In spite of her expressed resolve to see Hubert no more, she was disappointed that he did not return to her.

She expected to see him on the following day—to remark his face at a concert where she was to sing on the Wednesday evening.

He had left her on Tuesday; she was sure that she would get a letter from him on Thursday.

But Thursday was almost over, and she had neither seen nor heard from him. Had he resolved to give her up? Was he ill? Why had she not heard a word from him since Tuesday?

She racked her brain to discover a cause for his silence other than her own wild appeal to him; for she did not believe that that alone would suffice to keep him away.

Another source of anxiety for her lay in the fact that she had also not heard from her father since Tuesday morning.

She did not know whether he had left Mrs. Gunn's house or not, and did not like to risk the sending of a letter.

That he trusted far too much to his disguise Cynthia was well aware.

His rashness made her sometimes quiver all over with positive fright when she thought of it.

He was running a terrible risk—and for what cause?

At first, simply because he wanted to see his daughter; now because he fancied he had found a clue to the murderer of Sydney Vane—a slight, faint, elusive clue, but one which seemed to him worth following up.

And Cynthia, who at first had hesitated to leave England, would now have been glad to start with him at once, if only she could get him away.

She began to fear that he would stay at any risk.

"You are losing your beauty, child," Madame della Scala had discontentedly said to her that morning at breakfast time; "you have grown ten years older in the last week. And it is the height of the season, and you have dozens of engagements! To-night, now, you sing at Lady Beauclere's—do you not?"

"Yes, Madame; but I shall be all right by that time. I have a headache this morning."

"You are too white, child, and your eyes are heavy. It does not suit your style to be colorless. You had better get my maid to attend to you before you go out to-night. She is incomparable at complexions."

"Thank you—I shall not need rouge when I begin to sing," said Cynthia, laughing rather joylessly; "the color will come of itself."

"I know one who always used to bring it," said Madme, casting a sharp glance at the girl's pale face. "He had it in his pocket I suppose, or at the tips of his fingers—and I never saw it fail with you. Where is the magician gone, Cynthia mia? Where is Mr. Lepel—ce bel homme who brought the rouge in his pocket? Why, the very mention of his name does wonders! The beautiful red color is back again now!"

"I do not know where Mr. Lepel is," said Cynthia, wishing that her cheeks would not betray her.

"You have not quarrelled?"

"I do not know, Madame."

"Ah, then, you have! But you are a very silly child, and ought to know better after all that you have gone through. Quarrelling with Mr. Lepel means quarrelling with your bread-and-butter, as you English people term it. Why not keep on good terms with him until your training, at any rate, is complete?"

Cynthia raised her dark eyes, with a new light in them.

"I am to be friendly with him as long as I need his help? Is that it, Madame? I do not quite agree with you; and I think the time has come when I must be independent now."

"Independent! What can you do?" said Madame, throwing up her hands. "A baby like you—with that face and that voice! You want every careful guarding, my dear or you will spoil your career. You must not think of independence for the next ten years."

Cynthia meditated a little. She did not want to tell Madame della Scala, who was a confirmed chatterer, that she thought of going to America; and yet, knowing that her departure would probably be sudden and secret, she did not want to omit the opportunity of saying at least a few necessary words.

"If I took any steps of which you did not approve, dear Madame, I hope that you would forgive me and believe that I was truly grateful to you for all your kindness to me."

"What does that mean?" said Madame shrewdly. "Are you going to be married? Is an elopement in store for us? There will be a fine fuss about it in the newspapers if you do anything extraordinary! You are becoming the fashion, my dear, as they say in England; and, when you are the fashion, your success is assured."

"I am not going to do anything extraordinary," said Cynthia, forcing a smile, "and I do not mean to elope with anybody, dear Madame; I only wanted to thank you for all that you have done for me. And now I must practise for this evening. Perhaps music will do my headache good."

But, even if music benefited her head, it did not raise her spirits.

Each time that the postman's knock vibrated through the house her heart beat so violently that she was obliged to pause in her singing until she had ascertained that no letter had come for her.

No letter—no message from either Hubert or her father—what did this silence mean?

The day wore on drearily.

She would not go out, much to Madame's vexation; she practised, she tried to read, she looked at her dresses—she tried all the usual feminine arts for passing time, going so far even as to take up some needlework, which she generally detested; but, in spite of all, the day was cruelly long and blank.

She dined early in the afternoon, as she was going to sing that evening; and it was about seven o'clock that she resolved to go and dress for the party to which she was bound, saying to herself that all hope was over for that day—that she was not likely to hear from Hubert Lepel that night.

Just as she was going up-stairs a knock came to the door.

She lingered on the landing, wondering whether any visitor had come for her; and it was with a great leap of the heart that she heard her own name mentioned, and saw the maid running up the stairs to overtake her before she reached her room.

"It's Jenkins—Mr. Lepel's man, miss," said Mary breathlessly; "and he wants to know if he can speak to you for a moment."

Cynthia was half-ways down-stairs before the sentence was out of the girl's mouth. Jenkins was standing in the hall. He was an amiable-looking fellow, and, although he had spoken flippantly enough to Sabina Meldreth of his master's friendship for Miss West, he had a genuine admiration for her.

Cynthia had won his heart by kindly words and looks; she had found out that he had a wife and some young children, and had made them presents and visited the new baby in her own inimitably frank, gracious, friendly way; and Jenkins was secretly of opinion that his master could not do better than marry Miss Cynthia West, although she was but a singer after all. He spoke to her with an air of great deference.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I thought that I'd better come and tell you about Mr. Lepel."

"Have you a message—a note?" cried Cynthia.

"No, ma'am. Mr. Lepel's not able to write, nor to send messages. Mr. Lepel's ill in bed, ma'am, and the doctor's afraid that it is brain-fever."

Cynthia gasped a little.

"I thought that he—he must be ill," she said.

It was said rather to herself than to Jenkins, but nevertheless however, he heard it, and was struck with sympathetic emotion immediately.

"I thought you'd think so, ma'am; and therefore I made so bold as to look round," he said respectfully. "He's not been himself, so to speak, for the last few days; and, when his sister—Mrs. Vane—was up from Beechfield to see him, he seemed took worse; and Mrs. Vane she sent me for the doctor."

"Is Mrs. Vane with him now then?" Cynthia asked.

"No, ma'am. She did not stop long; but I expect that she'll be round either to-night or to-morrow morning."

"And is Mr. Lepel to have nobody to nurse him?" asked Cynthia quite indignantly.

"There's my wife, ma'am, who is used to nursing; and, if my master is worse, a trained nurse can be sent for. I thought you would like to know, ma'am. I've been talking to the landlady, and she's quite agreeable for my wife to come on for a bit and help to wait on Mr. Lepel. She's there now."

"I am very much obliged to you for coming, Jenkins."

"I thought, ma'am," continued Jenkins, "that, if ever you was passing that way, you might look in maybe to ask after Mr. Lepel, you know. If you was good enough always to ask for my wife, you see, ma'am, she could tell you how my master was, or any news about him."

Cynthia grasped the situation at once, and felt her face flush as she listened to the man's awkward words.

Evidently Jenkins knew that she was unacquainted with Mr. Lepel's family, and was trying to save her from the unpleasantness of meeting any of them unexpectedly.

The thought gave her a moment's bitter humiliation; then she saw the motive and felt a throb of gratitude.

"It was very good of you to tell me that, Jenkins," she said frankly putting out her hand to him, "and I am very much obliged to you. I shall come to-morrow; it is impossible for me to come to-night."

Jenkins was not accustomed to have his hand shaken by those whom he served, and Cynthia's action embarrassed him considerably. He was glad when she went on to ask a question.

"Do you think that Mr. Lepel is very—very ill?"

There was a pathetic tremor in her voice.

"Well, ma'am, he don't know nothing; he lies there and talks to himself—that's all."

"He is unconscious! Oh!" cried Cynthia, as if the words had given her a stab of pain. "Does he talk about any one—anything?" she asked wistfully.

"We can't tell much of what he says, ma'am. But I think he was mainly anxious to see you. He kep' on sending messages to you; and that's partly why I come round this evening."

Cynthia wrung her hands.

"And I can't go—at least to-night; and I must—I must!"

"Don't you take on, ma'am," said Jenkins, evidently much moved by her distress. "I wouldn't trouble about to-night if I was you. Mrs. Vane may be there again, or the General, and a host o' folks. It would only bother them, and do my master no good, if you went to-night. To-morrow morning 'll be the time. And now I must be going; for I could only get away while my wife was there, and she wanted to get back to the children by nine o'clock."

So Jenkins took his leave, while Cynthia went up to her room to dress for the party.

What a mockery it seemed to her to don her pretty frock, her ornaments, her flowers—to see herself a radiant vision of youth and loveliness in her mirror—while all the time her heart was bleeding for her lover's suffering, and he lay tossing upon a bed of sickness calling vainly upon her name!

If she could have done as she liked, she would have relinquished all her engagements and sought his bedside at once.

But—fortunately perhaps—she was bound, for many reasons, to sing at Lady Beauclere's party.

Madame della Scala and others would be injured in reputation, if not in pocket, should she fail to appear.

And, although she would not mind sacrificing her own interests, she could not sacrifice those of her friends even for the sake of her love.

She was said never to have looked so brilliant or sung so magnificently before. There was a new strange touch of pathos in her eyes and voice—something that stirred the hearts of those who heard.

The new vibration in her voice was put down to genius by her audience, and not by any means to emotion.

"That girl will equal Patti if she goes on like this," said one musical amateur to another that evening.

"But she won't go on like this," his friend replied. "She'll marry or break down or something; she won't last; she won't be tied down to a professional life—that's my prophecy. She'll bolt!"

The amateur laughed him to scorn.

But he had reason to alter his tone when some years later his friend reminded him of his prediction, and coupled it with the information that Cynthia West's last appearance as a singer had been at Lady Beauclere's party.

But she had no idea, during the evening in question, that it was absolutely her last appearance.

Her mind had never been so much set on a professional career as it was just then. She meant to go to America with her father certainly, but to take engagements as a vocalist in the States.

That she was at all likely to cease work so suddenly and so soon never once occurred to her.

She was glad when the evening was over—glad to get back to her own quiet room and to lay certain plans for the morrow. She would go to Hubert in the morning—not to stay of course, but to see whether he was well nursed and tended; and she would take with her the ornaments that he had presented to her and which she had meant to give back.

She would get Mrs. Jenkins to put them away for her in some safe drawer or box; and, when he was better, he would find them and understand.

She would accept nothing more from his hands.

Yet, with all her pride and her sense of injured dignity, she wept half the night at the thought that he was suffering and that she could do nothing to alleviate his pain.

She set off the next morning, between nine and ten o'clock, with a little black bag in her hand.

It was larger than she needed it to be for mere conveyance of the jewelry which she wanted to restore; but she meant to fill it with fruit—black tempting grapes and red-cheeked hot house peaches—for the invalid before she reached the house.

She left word with Mary that she did not know when she would return, and that Madame was not to wait luncheon or dinner on her account.

This message, and the fact of her carrying away a bag, led some persons to believe that she was acting a part in a long-premeditated scheme when she left Madame della Scala's house that morning. But no scheme was present in any shape or form to Cynthia's mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN'S AGE.—The fabled perversity of womankind was given an exhibition in the marriage license office, at Pittsburg, on a recent afternoon.

A young couple, each apparently about 25 years of age, entered the office arm in arm, and the gentleman asked for a license. The clerk began putting the regulation questions, when he met with an obstacle in the shape of the lady's age.

She flatly refused to tell it, saying she was over 21 and that was enough.

The clerk gently informed her that she would have to tell when and where she was born. She positively declined, and in answer to his explanations told him she did not want him to talk to her.

Her prospective husband expostulated with her, but she answered that she guessed it was too much trouble, and she would not get married.

They finally left the office, the groom remarking that he guessed they would be back shortly. They had not reappeared up to last accounts.

THE colored women of Little Rock, Ark. have just organized a washerwoman's association. The society has been legally incorporated, and its objects are to care for members in times of illness and to promote the general welfare of the laundry business.

MY PATH.

BY L. M. S.

Since Thy dear hand doth point the way,
Shall I refuse to tread
The path ordained by God above,
Where I am safely led?
I gladly trust my hand in thine,
My faltering feet no more
Shall stumble o'er Life's rocky road,
Along its stormy shore!

My storm-tossed barque of destiny,
Safe moored upon thy breast,
No more fears shipwreck on life's sea,
While by Thy love caressed.
'Tis anchored fast to thy fond heart,
With all its precious freight,
Of Hope and Faith, of Trust and Love,
And all the boons of Fate!

ROY'S CHOICE.

BY M. G. WIGHTWICK.

CHAPTER II.

MEETINGS were naturally unavoidable: and on these occasions each was studiously polite to the other and would put on a semblance of good fellowship which quite deceived Lady Lucy. But both tacitly conspired to defeat her plans for throwing them together.

If the Pierrepoints were going to drive and Lady Lucy invited Mrs. Beaudesert to accompany them, she preferred walking that day.

If a walk was in question—for Lady Lucy attempted more now she had her nephew's arm to lean upon—Mrs. Beaudesert had arranged to receive friends at home on that day.

Geoff wondered that Lady Lucy never saw through her friend's too transparent excuses. He did: and pride fired him to second Mrs. Beaudesert's efforts at avoidance.

She usually walked in the morning with some of her friends, lunched apart, and rarely honored the table d'hote with her presence; but as Geoffrey smoked his cigar in the verandah after dinner he sometimes perceived the stately figure of his aunt's friend among the scattered groups listening to the band.

The Honorable Mrs. Beadesert had many acquaintances among the hotel visitors, all of whom apparently felt themselves honored by her notice.

But the exclusiveness of the beautiful Englishwoman was so well known that it was considered rather an event when she chose to show herself in the public rooms.

One evening she came sweeping past the dark corner of the verandah where Pierrepoint had ensconced himself to watch the [illegible].

Prince P———, an Austrian charge d'affaires, was walking with her and doing his utmost to obtain one of the rare smiles so coveted by the little circle of admirers whom she kept at a respectable distance. As Mrs. Beaudesert passed Geoff, the moonlight shining upon the fine face whose paleness contrasted with the crimson silk wrap flung about her head, her dark trailing dress caught upon the iron scroll-work of the table which held Colonel Pierrepoint's cafe noir.

He sprang up and released her, and as he raised his hat in silence she recognized him with a grave bow.

A strange thrill ran through him at this brief contact even with the hem of her garment.

This cold, proud Englishwoman who held herself so aloof, what odd spell attracted him to her?

He was vexed with himself for being unable to ignore her, yet he despised the poor wretches who sat at her feet craving as it were a crumb of notice from her plentiful stock.

Many among them envied his opportunities, for about this time Lady Lucy caught a chill which confined her to her room.

They were in the west wing of the hotel, close to those occupied by Mrs. Beaudesert who spent considerable of her time with the invalid.

Often as not when Geoff paid his visits to his aunt he would find Mrs. Beaudesert in her favorite low chair by the window overlooking the purple Mediterranean, doing her best to cheer Lady Lucy, who was out of spirits.

She showed to especial advantage in these tender moods of womanly compassion and—while they were united in the common task of amusing Lady Lucy—was for the time being less distant to the Colonel.

He was almost selfish enough to feel sorry when his aunt's health improved, and she was able to pace the garden, leaning on his arm, for convalescence relaxed her claim on her friend's society, and Mrs. Beaudesert resumed her usual long country walks with other acquaintances who had felt themselves neglected.

Geoff rarely saw her now except on Sunday, when, like himself, she was a regular attendant at church.

He was annoyed to find himself counting the days every week to this red-letter one, and determined to make one desperate effort to break the spell which bound him.

Luckily the arrival about this time of an old friend who was yachting in Mediterranean waters gave him an opportunity of escape; and Pierrepoint gladly accepted Sir Fergus Farquharson's invitation to take a short cruise with him after the Carnival. Lady Lucy was well enough to spare him; he would return later and escort her back to England.

In the interval Mrs. Beaudesert might leave M———; probably they would never meet again.

As their acquaintance was so nearly at an end, Geoff permitted himself the indulgence of at least one more Sunday of passing a blissful hour or so in the same church with her.

On his way to Lady Lucy's rooms, before service, he met beautiful Mrs. Beaudesert in the hall.

She was already in walking dress, and carried in her hand a large bunch of Safronia roses.

One nestled at her throat, its delicate hue contrasting finely with its dark foliage.

Geoff, as he gravely greeted her, glanced jealously at the privileged flower, but his heart sank within him.

Was she not going to church on this his last Sunday? He ventured to inquire timidly.

"Oh, yes. But first I want to visit the cemetery. It is still very early, I believe; you will have time to look in upon it Lady Lucy.'

Geoff, however, managed to make his visit as short as possible, for he, too, had resolved to take the cemetery on his way. Perhaps he might overtake Mrs. Beaudesert, and secure a few more words to treasure up in his memory when he had looked his last upon her.

But when he presently reached the peaceful God's-acre, there was no trace to be seen of Roy's Good Samaritan but a handful of fresh Saffronia roses upon his, as yet, unmarked grave. She had not yet ceased her tender charities!

Her kindly feeling it seemed extended itself to all the world but him.

What was this unaccountable prejudice which had came as a shadow between them?

While he lingered—for it was a pleasure now even to haunt the place where her feet had so lately trodden—and puzzled over the problem for the fiftieth time, something lying on the ground, half hidden by the flowers, attracted his immediate attention.

He stooped and picked up a small hymn-book bound in very costly red calf, which he had often seen in Mrs. Beaudesert's hand.

He opened it and looked on the fly-leaf for the owner's name. Yes, there it was:

"Una Bevan, from her dear father, June, 1877."

"Una Bevan!"

A light flashed upon Pierrepoint. The mystery was explained, the vague haunting remembrance, the prejudice, the strange avoidance, the old friendship with his cousin Roy!

And with the revelation came a sudden awakening as he realised with a keen sensation of mingled joy and shame, that he had followed in his cousin's footsteps.

His long unsealed heart was touched at last, and by that self-same Una Bevan whom in the days of her blithe girlhood he had put to such painful humiliation. What hope remained to him!

Looking across the barrier which his own hand had raised between them, he knew that he loved—and loved in vain.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. BEAUDESERT'S salon, au premier, boasted a stone balcony overlooking the Mediterranean, which was a favorite haunt of hers.

This afternoon she sat with her book, alternately reading and musing, as she lifted her eyes now and again to the peaceful scene before her.

It was the closing day of the Carnival: she felt absolutely secure from interruption in her retreat, and was, therefore, mildly surprised when a visiting card was handed to her, promptly followed by its owner, Colonel Pierrepoint.

He stepped out into the sunshine as she rose to meet him in momentary embarrassment and some wonder at his visit, the first he had ever paid her.

"You are surprised to see me," he began quickly, in a tone almost of apology, "but I am leaving M——— to-morrow, and want first to restore a certain pieces of you property. I should have done so before, but we have not met since Sunday."

"Indeed! I have not missed anything. Oh! yes, I have though!—my dear little hymn-book! Is it possible you have found that? I shall be so glad, for it was my dear father's last gift to me."

"Then I am very lucky, for I have it safe with me."

"That is good news indeed! You shall have some tea as a reward. Take this chair: I am expecting Lady Lucy Pierrepoint presently—like myself, she ignores the Carnival."

"Thanks, I cannot stay; my friend Farquharson is on shore for the gaities, and is coming to dine with me."

But he still lingered, looking down upon her, a tall figure framed in the doorway. He had taken a desperate resolution now, and was summoning all his courage to carry it out.

There was an uncomfortable silence. Mrs. Beaudesert stretched out her hand to the laburnum blossoms and gathered a spray.

Perhaps as she did so she felt again the pain of a spring morning long ago, of which the golden blossoms always reminded her.

The remembrance of it anyway came over Geoff as he watched her playing with the flowers, and made him miserable.

He took the handsome little calf-bound book out of his waistcoat pocket, opened the fly-leaf where the Una Bevan confronted him in faded ink, and handed it to Mrs. Beaudesert.

"So it is this which has stood like a shadow between us all this while! I only found it out yesterday, though I have been haunted again and again by some vague resemblance. Well! it is fair and just that Mrs. Beaudesert should avenge the wrongs of Una Bevan, and I do not complain. I know how you must have hated me for all I made you suffer. I've hated myself many a time when the recollection came over me; but the hour of my triumph has come. Against my will you compelled my admiration then; against my will you have compelled my love since."

Geoff spoke stiffly, proudly, as though forced into the confession.

Mrs. Beaudesert meantime stood leaning against the balcony, with an expectant look in her grey eyes.

"You are and ever will be the one woman in all the world for me," Geoff went on in his blunt, simple way. "In telling you so, I make what amends I can, and offer you all that a man can do to take or to leave—myself and my life's devotion. Revenge the past if you will!"

A burning blush had risen to Mrs. Beaudesert's white brow, and for a moment her eyes fell before Geoffrey's, while she still plucked mechanically at the blossoms within reach, severing them one by one till they fell in golden rain around her.

Perhaps it was the sight of the bright petals scattered at her feet as her life's happiness had once been that roused the old spirit within her.

She stepped forward, her hands clasped, her eyes dilating.

"Revenge! Ah! what would I not have given ten years ago to buy one hour's revenge on you and on a world which had so slighted me! Did you realize what you were doing that April morning when deliberately, in cold blood, you slew my love—my hope—my self-respect? Did no thought of the happiness you had wrecked haunt you as you took your self-complacent way back to the world again, leaving your victim prone and prostrate in her valley of humiliation? See! the Una Beaudesert of to-day is not so unlike the Una Bevan of long ago, for the memory of the girl's wrongs has still power to stir the woman's anger. I might have grown all hard in my misery and desolation, but, thank Heaven! a kind hand was outstretched to my rescue. The time came when I learned what a good man's love can be, and what a base counterfeit had deceived me before."

She sighed; and Geoffrey noticed that tears were trembling on her long beautiful lashes.

He waited a respectful silence, his eyes turned upon her handsome face with a wistful heart-hunger; but Mrs. Beaudesert quickly recovered her composure; she had early schooled herself to complete self-control.

"I had been a widow three years when I met your cousin again, ill—dying, wanting the necessaries of life."

"And his extremity was your opportunity for heaping coals of fire upon his head?"

"I was glad to be able to relieve his necessities," she said, with a simple dignity which became her well. "He recognized me as I stood by his sick-bed, but to this day Lady Lucy does not know that 'Roy's Good Samaritan'—as she loves to call me—was Roy's discarded love."

"Yet you have admitted her to your charity?"

"It would seem so," coloring. "I have even grown fond of Lady Lucy, strange as it may appear."

"Then it is only myself that you cannot forgive. Well," after a pause, "I would rather have your hate than indifference, at least so I am sometimes in your thoughts. Indeed, had things been different, something tells me that my love, always pleading with you, must someday have prevailed. Ah, you turn away! but, even now, perhaps, the time may come when your heart will soften towards me, and ——"

If an emphatic denial were springing to Una's lips, the sudden entrance of Lady Lucy, bearing her pet pug, Toby, in her arms, spared her nephew the pain of its expression.

"Geoff! the very person I am looking for. This dog is so pining for a little air and exercise, but Barrington has gone off for a carvinal holiday, and it is quite out of the question for me to venture out. Will you take Toby for a little run, Geoff? Just for half-an-hour?"

Geoff resigned himself to circumstances, for his mission was accomplished.

While his aunt lavished her endearments upon Toby he went quietly up to Mrs. Beaudesert.

"Is this farewell?" he asked in a very soft voice.

With averted eye she silently put her hand in his. He sighed.

"Ah, well, of course I knew the hopelessness of it all. Good-bye, and try to forgive me."

He had expected nothing better, nay, deserved no other treatment at her hands; but the thought did not sweeten the bitterness of the draught as he left her presence with his heart heavy within him.

Sir Fergus did not receive the heartiest of welcomes when he came to keep his appointment.

Pierrepoint was distrait, preoccupied, and during the first quarter of an hour at dinner his eyes kept wandering towards the door by which Mrs. Beaudesert usually entered.

He knew not whether he was glad or sorry that her place still remained empty at the table.

Sir Fergus, too, between the plats, raked the table with his eyeglasses, too busy looking about him to take any notice of his host's abstraction. But anon he turned to Geoff.

"Pierrepoint, I want you to do me a good turn presently. There's someone staying at the Millefleurs whose acquaintance I am very anxious to make—a Mrs. Beaudesert, Lord Villebois's daughther-in-law. The Mrs. Beaudesert, I ought to say, for she is unrivalled. She has lately bought a fine property near my people in Somerset, and they all rave about her. Beaudesert, I'm told, just idolized her, and he has left her absolute mistress of a tremendous fortune."

"Indeed!"

Geoff managed to make his tone provokingly indifferent.

"Did you ever meet him? He was one of our ablest Indian judges, and only to be in his company was a liberal education.

"I never heard his name till I came here," Geoff answered stiffly. "And don't set your heart on seeing her this evening for she's not en evidence."

He turned the subject hastily and plunged into talk with their vis-a-vis who were discussing Spiritualism, Buddhism, and other kindred isms of fashionable philosophy, with all the enthusiasm of Athenians of old for some new thing.

Geoff was an old-fashioned fellow in many ways, and opened his honest eyes in sheer perplexity at the new lights of these nineteenth century iconoclasts, who, having long ago cast down the old time-honored idols, seemed to be exalting others with feet of clay to their vacant niches.

The vagaries of the modern thought are not soothing to a mind saddened and preoccupied, yet, perhaps, they were hardly responsible for the nuit blanche which succeeded for Pierrepoint.

Some strange unintelligible influence was abroad.

Even the very brute creation seemed conscious of something malign and untoward in the atmosphere, for Geoffrey, tossing upon his bed sleepless and wretched, could hear the howl and barking of dogs in the silence of the night, and the disturbed cries of birds.

Towards morning he fell into a restless doze, from which he was suddenly awakened by a grinding roar as of subterranean thunder, followed by the crash of falling timber, while his bead rocked violently beneath him, and a large picture on the wall facing him was dashed violently to the ground.

Geoff scrambled up and hastily dressed himself. It was not the first time he had been in an earthquake; indeed, at this epoch of his life, few experiences were new to Geoffrey.

With a self-engrossment excusable under the circumstances, he made his way downstairs through an excited crowd of frightened people in every variety of deshabille, some shrieking, some fainting, some clinging to their male protectors, some asking advice—none taking it—to the first floor.

Along wrecked corridors, strewn with a litter of plaster from walls and ceilings, past open doors and empty rooms, Pierrepoint sped towards the West Wing, till hurriedly turning the last corner he stopped short.

Here the flooring had given way altogether, and an impassible chasm lay between him and the doors opposite. He shouted loudly with a vague idea of attracting the occupants' attention, yet of what use while that fearful gulf lay between them and safety!

His aunt's rooms and those occupied by Mrs. Beaudesert lay far away from those of the other visitors.

They were in peril together and alone, and who could say how soon the sullen mutterings of the unquiet earth might break out in open anger and complete the ruin already begun?

A sick feeling of despair came over Geoff as he dashed downstairs and on to the terrace, the ground rocking beneath him as he ran.

In a few minutes he stood beneath the windows of the West Wing; many of them were open. He shouted with all his might, calling on his friends by name.

"Yes, we are here," was the quick response.

A familiar figure came and leaned over the heliotrope-wreathed balcony, clasping its hands in thankfulness.

"Is it you! Ah! thank heaven! But retreat is cut off, and I was afraid we should be left to die up here," she continued imploringly.

"Is Lady Lucy Pierrepoint with you up there?"

"Yes; lying down in my room, faint and ill with the shock."

"I will get a ladder at once. Will you look up some wraps, and any small valuables while I am gone? Keep a good heart, Mrs. Beaudesert, I will not be gone very long."

She smiled back at him reassuringly, and Geoff hurried off.

He afterwards came to consider it quite providential that the day before he had happened to notice some houses under repair near the Post-office.

The Post office itself was now in ruins, the scaffolding and great part of the houses also, but the ladders still remained.

With the help of an hotel porter, he managed to drag one out of the debris, and together they carried it quickly to the

Millefleurs, through the obstructions of the crowded streets.

One or two priests going about among their frightened flocks were urging escape to the mountains, others were hurrying to the shore.

On the earth this terrible Ash Wednesday were terror, and mourning, and woe, but in the heavens the pitiless sun kept smiling carnival.

When Colonel Pierrepoint reached the Millefleurs, Mrs. Beaudesert was looking out for him.

He caught sight of her pale face above the heliotrope blossoms, and was reassured. She was so far safe then.

The ladder was placed and held by the porter, Pierre, and in a minute Geoff was on the balcony.

"At last!" said Pierrepoint under his breath.

Mrs. Beaudesert was wonderfully calmn. She had put on her hat and traveling cloak, and collected some wraps which she flung down to Pierre.

Geoff went up to her.

"Come!" he said; "Pierre will hold the ladder."

But Mrs. Beaudesert kindly waved him aside.

"No," she said gently; "Lady Lucy first. She is all ready in her walking-things, but dreadfully alarmed."

"I'll go to her, but let me see you in safety first; it will take but a very few minutes!"

The resolute look on her face was not to be mistaken.

"All in good time," she said firmly. "Come, don't let us waste any precious minutes."

He dared say no more, and she led the way to where Lady Lucy was waiting, a smelling bottle in one hand, and her fat pug, Toby, held tightly in the other.

She was trembling and helpless as a baby and between them they had much ado to soothe and reassure her before she would trust to the ladder even in Geoffrey's arms.

Then there was her poor Toby, always an embarrassement even in happier moments.

But Mrs. Beaudesert promised to take faithful care of him, and at last, gently persistent, succeeded in withdrawing the frightened animal from its mistress's clasp, Lady Lucy protesting all the while that nothing should induce her to desert her darling.

In five minutes more, though it seemed an age to her nephew's impatience, Lady Lucy, still sobbing and protesting, was deposited in the garden at a safe distance from the house.

Geoff only waited to drop a fur cloak about her shivering form, and then hurried back to Mrs. Beaudesert in the perilous West Wing.

She was beguiling the time by gathering together a few treasures which she was loth to leave behind her.

Toby trembled violently and gave a series of short, sharp barks, ending in a piteous howl.

At the same moment came a grating, deafening roar, the whole house seemed to rock violently from side to side, the heavy stone mantelpiece tottered slowly forward, and the beautiful ornaments upon it fell with a crash and were shattered into fragments.

Mrs. Beaudesert turned deadly pale, but she neither screamed nor fainted. She and Geoff stood speechless, facing each other with dilated eyes.

All at once, while the room still vibrated violently, and the church bells rang an alarm of fear in the rocking steeples, there came the sound of a loosening of stones, a grating and grinding close at hand, followed by an awful crash.

It seemed as though the very foundation of the earth were loosened.

Mrs. Beaudesert put out her hands to Pierrepoint with a cry:

"Geoffrey!"

The word was breathed almost in a whisper, but he caught it. And in that awful moment Geoffrey Pierrepoint understood that the desire of his heart was granted him at last.

If this were, indeed, death, its bitterness was sweetened for him as he dared to gather the trembling form of his beloved into his protecting arms, and felt the proud head nestling content upon his shoulder, while together they waited—waited—waited—for destruction!

* * * * * *

A shout presently aroused the pair in rather a prosaic manner.

It was Pierre, who having wisely fled during the tremblement de terre had now ventured cautiously back to his post.

The actual damage, it seemed, was not so great after all.

The main fabric of the Hotel had resisted the shock and still stood firm, and the ladder, though thrown to the ground, was luckily uninjured.

Geoffrey only waited to test it with his own weight, and then hastened his companion's escape to the garden below.

She had passively resigned herself to his care and, though trembling in every limb, suppressed her fears and obeyed his directions in silence, not uttering a word, even of thanks, until she found herself safe beside Lady Pierrepoint, beyond the reach of falling stones and tottering floors.

None of them ever quite knew how the next hour passed.

Una Beaudesert had hazy recollections of Geoffrey forcing refreshments upon them as they sat there, dizzy, chilled and trembling, in the keen morning air, amid a medley of dreadful scenes and sounds which long haunted her dreams.

Hysterical, half-dressed people cowering together in groups; frightened pet animals running hither and tither; gasping invalids lying about on mattresses; others, bruised or injured, borne away moaning to the hospitals; but amidst it all the comfortable thought that Geoff was taking care of them—thinking and planning for them.

Una had a new restful sense of sharing Lady Lucy's blind confidence in her nephew's wisdom, and instinctively they both gave themselves up to his guidance without question or argument.

And so a little later the trio found themselves on their way to the shore to seek the friendly shelter of Sir Fergus Farquharson's yacht, which Geoff had secured for them.

The quay was strewn with litter of every description: valuables, wearing apparel, half-packed portmanteaux; and among them some few fortunate fugitives were like themselves hurrying to find that safety on the water which the yawning earth denied them.

Colonel Pierrepoint was supporting his aunt's trembling footsteps as she clung to him in nervous terror, almost hysterical with alarm.

It was not until they were safely in the boat, receding farther and farther with every oar-stroke from the perils of the shore that Geoff again found himself beside Mrs. Beaudesert.

She sat with her head resting on her hand gazing on the ruin they had left behind them; the Cathedral with its fallen cupola, the tottering walls and chimneys of the old town, the beautiful, wrecked facade of the Millefleurs where they had lately lodged in security.

She shivered as a sickening sense came over her of the danger they had narrowly escaped.

Geoff, watching her anxiously, hastened to wrap a light traveling shawl about her shoulders, fancying that she was cold: he was always more apt at deeds than words.

She turned to Pierrepoint very gratefully.

"You are very good. I have never thanked you yet."

"There is no need," he said. "That one word was enough for me. Did you mean all it expressed?"

He was now over her very tenderly, eager to be assured of his seeming good fortune.

"It seems somehow almost too good to be true, and I wouldn't for the world hold you to it if you repent."

A beautiful color flushed her wan face. Geoffrey for his part could hear his heartbeats as he laid his hand wistfully upon her arm.

"Tell me, Una, did you mean it?"

She looked up, and her earnest hazel eyes met his frankly with a look of mischief lurking in their depths.

"Mean what, Geoff? That the time you spoke of has come? Yes; though you should never have known it except for the earthquake. And, by-the-bye, what about Lady Pierrepoint? You remember that she quite disapproved of poor Fitzroy's choice."

"True, dear; but I know she'll find room in her heart for 'Roy's Choice.'"

[THE END.]

READY WIT.

THERE are few people to whom the possession of ready wit does not seem desirable, for nothing is of more use in an emergency than the ability to return "a Roland for an Oliver" in such a way as to extinguish an opponent.

To the point is an anecdote told regarding two opposing barristers.

The lawyer for the defence was so severe upon the prosecutor that the latter rose and asked:

"Does the learned counsel think me a fool?"

The retort was prompt:

"My friend wishes to know if I consider him a fool; and in reply to his question, I can only say that I am not prepared to deny it."

There are many instances of passages of arms between Bench and Bar, but this one may be new to our readers.

At the close of a lengthened wrangle between a judge and a prominent counsel, the former said:

"Well, sir, if you do not know how to conduct yourself as a gentleman, I am sure I can't teach you."

To which the barrister immediately replied:

"That is so, my lord."

Occasionally, however, the votaries of the law have the tables turned upon them as in the case of the lawyer who, driving along a country road, asked a woman who was going in the same direction the way to his destination.

She told him, and added that, as she was going part of the journey, she would point out the way.

"All right, my good woman," said the lawyer; "jump up—better bad company than none."

After going some miles, the woman thanked him for the drive and descended, and he asked how much farther he had to go.

"Oh," she answered, "you passed the place you want two or three miles back; but as I thought bad company better than none, I brought you on."

The legal gentleman certainly deserved the lesson, and it is to be hoped that he profited by it.

Elections usually afford a good field for ready wit.

While a noble lord was conducting his canvass, he met a bully, who declared fiercely that he would "sooner vote for the devil than for him."

"I've not the slightest doubt of it, my friend," said the candidate quietly; "but in the event of your friend not coming forward, may I count on your vote?"

Here is another of the same kind.

At an open political meeting a man cried:

"Hurrah for Jackson!" to which a bystander retorted:

"Hurrah for Jackass!"

"All right, my man," exclaimed the first speaker; "you hurrah for your favorite candidate, and I'll do the same for mine."

Ready wit cannot be said to be natural to youth, for the answers given by precocious schoolboys are not witty, but usually the outcome either of misunderstanding or of "cheek."

There are exceptions, however, to the rule.

A teacher asked his class what was meant by "divers diseases."

He was rather surprised when one of the boys answered:

"Water on the head."

A little dot of a girl inquired of her mother the meaning of "trans-atlantic," and was told, "Across the Atlantic."

"Does 'trans' always mean 'cross,' mamma?" she then asked.

"Yes," replied her mother; "but don't bother me any more."

"Then I guess 'transparent' means cross parent," was the reply.

The Lord Provost of a certain well-known city had a daughter married to a gentleman of the name of Beard; and speaking of names to several friends, he happened to remark:

"My grandmother was a Husband and my mother a Man."

These having been the maiden names of the ladies.

"Why, in that case," said the celebrated Dr. Gregory, who was present, "we may the less wonder at your daughter having got a Beard."

Turning from expressed repartee, we find that there can be no less wit in the manner in which noted writers subscribe themselves.

For instance we have it upon record that, when Glengarry claimed the chieftainship of the Macdonald clan, the generally acknowledged chief wrote to him as follows:

"My Dear Glengarry,—As soon as you can prove yourself my chief, I shall be ready to acknowledge you. In the meantime, I am yours.

"MACDONALD."

This letter may have suggested to Benjamin Franklin the note he wrote to a friend in England when the colonies declared their independence, and which closed thus:

"You and I were long friends. You are now my enemy, and I am yours—B. FRANKLIN."

SHE HAD A BITE.—Every one had his or her line over the rail of the boat awaiting a bite, when the freckle-faced girl with auburn hair turned to the young man with downy moustache and two watch chains, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Augustus! I believe—I believe I have a bite!"

"Then pull in," he commanded.

"But it may be a great big fish, and he may pull me into the water."

"I won't let him."

"But if he does?"

"I will save you, or we will perish together."

"Then—then I will pull."

She pulled, and brought in a sea robin about as big as your finger. The peril had passed.

We sneered at the catch, but they minded it not. Not until that moment had they dared acknowledge their love. He was her'n and she was his'n, and they were very, very happy as they spit on the bait for more luck.

SPHERES OF SILENCE.—A contemporary, in speaking of the sphere of silence, says, that there are things too low, and also things too high, to be made the subjects of common speech. The appetites and the inferior impulses of man need provisions, but do not bear much discussion; while men in deep reverence do not talk to one another but remain with hushed mind side by side. Language occupies the mid-region between wants that ground us on the earth and the affections that lift us to the skies. But the loquacious man respects neither of these extremes. Nothing to him is too private or too sacred to be the theme of his ready tongue and his voluble speech. Let him who is conscious of his weakness muse on its many evils, and remember that "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin, but he that refraineth his lips is wise."

FRIGHT CAUSED HIS HAIR TO GROW.—At least one good effect of the Johnstown flood has been noted. It caused hair to grow for a man who had been bald for many years. His name is Marburg, and he battled with the rushing waters for seven hours before being rescued. Two days after he noticed a downy substance all over his head. As time passed the down became hair, which grew rapidly, and is now an inch long. The story comes via Kansas, which got it from a cousin of Marburg who lives in Missouri.

IT is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word when the shadows rest on our hearts; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing good to another.

Scientific and Useful.

NAPHTHA DREGS FOR FUEL.—Reports come constantly from St. Petersburg of the increasing use of naphtha dregs as fuel. Railways and manufacturers are adopting it in place of wood and coal, and it is even utilized for domestic purposes. It is 35 per cent. cheaper than wood or coal, and occupies less place in storage.

CASTING IN STEEL AND BRONZE.—The old Hindoo art of uniting different metals by casting has been revived in a Boston foundry. Steel and bronze are now cast together by casting the bronze parts of the object first, then cleaning them and placing them in their proper positions in a mould for the entire object. Molten steel is then poured in, and it unites with the bronze wherever it comes in contact with the latter.

ELECTRIC TANNING.—A process of tanning by electricity has been successfully worked in France for the last six months, and special harness made from the leather is exhibited in the Paris Exhibition. The process consists in subjecting the hides to the action of a current of electricity while in contact with the ordinary tanning materials. A great saving of time is said to be effected, and the cost is reduced one-half. A company has been formed in this country to introduce the method.

AN ELASTIC HORSESHOE.—There has been introduced a new horseshoe, which deserves notice. It is made of "Whalelite"—an elastic composition—and besides wearing well, as far as has been tried, it has the merit of preventing the horse from slipping on slippery streets or ice. Moreover, being elastic, it does not jar the legs of the animal so much as the hard iron shoe; and it can be cut to fit the hoof, instead of the hoof being cut to fit the shoe. It also allows the free expansion of the hoof, and is calculated to prevent the prevalent diseases of horses' hoofs.

YOUR OWN WEATHER PROPHET.—When a storm is advancing the wind blows to meet it. Thus a wind blowing from the east or southeast indicates the approach of a storm from the west. When the storm centre has passed, however, the wind changes and follows the storm. If a person has a good barometer and wind gauge he can tell pretty correctly when a storm is approaching. Without the instruments the clouds may be watched, and when seen to be moving rapidly from the southeast, and there are indications of the presence of much moisture in the air, a storm is not far away.

Farm and Garden.

PAINT.—A few dollars invested in paint will not only add to the attractiveness of the farm but will save wear and tear. Nothing is so economical as paint. It ornaments and preserves the buildings.

WOOD ASHES.—Wood ashes contain a considerable percentage of potash, which is an essential element of plant food. Being fine, they can easily be mixed with the soil and made available for the growth of the plants.

FILTH.—Filthy quarters cause lice on all classes of stock, and at this season the vermin multiply very rapidly. An animal that is infested with vermin cannot be kept in good condition, even with the best of feeding.

HEAVY LOADS.—When a horse with a heavy load stops to rest do not start him again until he has had plenty of time to recover his strength. Some horses will show an inclination to proceed after they have thoroughly rested.

THE CELLAR.—In the attempt to keep potatoes, turnips and other roots the farmer gives too much protection against the cold. The cellars, pits or bins should be constructed in a manner to retain an even temperature if possible. Heat sometimes does more injury to such crops than cold. Sweet potatoes should be kept at a temperature of about 65 degrees. White potatoes and turnips keep best at about 40 degrees.

OXEN.—Oxen are serviceable on large farms, and also in those sections where the roads are nearly impassable in winter, as they can travel where a horse cannot venture. They can be bred for the purposes desired by judicious selection of the best breeds for producing quick-draught oxen, the Devon breed being superior to any other. A Devon ox will bear the heat well, travel at a rapid gait and endure fatigue. A cross of the Devon with large native stock also produces excellent oxen, if the male calves are retained for that purpose.

HOUSES OF STEEL PLATES.—A very favorable account is given in the French papers of a new system of building houses of steel plates, introduced some time ago. It has been satisfactorily ascertained that corrugated sheets, of no more than a millimeter in thickness, are sufficiently strong for building houses several stories high, and the material used allows of quite a variety of architectural ornamentation. The plates thus employed are of the finest quality, and, as they are galvanized after they have been cut to the sizes and shapes required, no portion is left exposed to the atmosphere. It is asserted that houses constructed in this manner are very sanitary, and that the necessary ventilating and heating arrangements can readily be carried out.

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A Law Unto Self.

There never was a time in the world's history when men more noisily claimed the right to be a law unto themselves than at present. And yet how few understand its far reaching meaning and consequences.

Generally considered, it is doing as we have a mind to do.

But doing as they have a mind to brings men into the most degrading bondage. How is that?

The men who are always doing as they have a mind to, are men who are for ever knocking against difficulties, getting into trouble, coming under arrests for violations of law and public sentiment, and destroying the peace of their own minds.

Says one, "You educate people not to do as they have a mind to, and yet you say that the idea of liberty is to do just that."

We do. Our highest personal liberty consists in our doing as we have a mind to.

"Does not the definition lack something of clearness, then?" It does. There is something left out, or not added.

"And what is that?" Let us come to a better understanding of it by some reading of life—by some familiar illustrations.

Consider how many laws there are which affect a man's body—the laws of light; the laws of heat; the laws of gravitation; the law of sleep; the law of food; the law of digestion with reference to food; the law of exercise; and scores innumerable of other laws. These laws that touch the body are relative, in a certain degree, to teach a man; and yet they are generally alike.

That which is violation of law in one man may not be so in another. Take the law of sleep. Men are so differently constituted that in the same act one man violates that law and another man does not.

There are some men who must have eight hours' sleep in twenty four, and there are others who do not need more than five or six hours' sleep in twenty-four.

There is a relativity in these matters. There are some laws that touch men differently. And yet all men are subject to these laws. He that violates the law of his physical organs is at once pursued, arrested, convicted, condemned, and punished, by that nature of things which we call the necessity of material law.

A man, in short, is treated as a prisoner and restrained of his liberty, if he does not obey natural laws in their various degrees, according to their relative importance.

And, on the other hand, he that intelligently accepts, and heartily obeys known natural laws, has health, and good spirits and vital buoyancy, and joy, and a largeness of liberty.

The man who is constantly rubbing and galling against the law is under the law; but the man who is cognisant of the requisitions of the law, and obeys them, is above the law and is free.

By following them it is that we come to the fulness of ourselves. The way toward largeness is not to rebel against law, but to follow the indications of it.

He who has accepted law—who has conformed his life to it—who has made it, in some sense, a part of his own will, does just as he has a mind to, because he has a mind to do just as he ought to.

A man who is ignorant of eating or drinking has a mind to eat and drink everything that is put before him; and he has time to repent of it afterwards.

But when a man is thoroughly instructed in regard to eating and drinking, and is familiar with the laws of health, and has learned to conform to them, he sits down to a bountiful table, and he also eats as he has a mind to; but he has a mind to eat only things that are good for him.

In both cases men do as they like; but in one case it leads into trouble; and in the other case it lifts above all trouble. Obedience to natural law and spiritual law is liberty; and it is the only liberty that a man has in this world.

What is it to be in the best sense a law unto yourself? Simply to have embodied in yourself God's laws.

You are not a law unto yourself until you do what the law requires better by automatic action than by voluntary effort. Your body takes care of itself, and your mind is engaged with business matters, at the same time.

Your body is going through a series of compound gymnastics, and at the same time your mind is involved in a complicated, intellectual process. And each operation is carried on independent of the other, and unconsciously.

Therefore in these respects you are a law unto yourself. As soon as a man has learned what the will of God is in respect to law, he forgets it. That is to say, he has put the law in himself in his life, so that it is registered there, and set to perform its own work.

A literally complete independence is denied even to man's thought, since thought too, in its beautiful freedom, is a creature of omnipotence.

But surely we inflict upon ourselves no grave dishonor by bending before the thought or laws of God; surely we move with sufficient freedom, if in our freedom we move along the line of right.

It is the line which the eternal reason has constructed to span the chasms and to pierce the obstructions of thought.

It is the line from which we cannot deviate, if we advance at all, without courting that ruin of all convictions which is the penalty of a too presumptuous hardihood.

THE truest life is always the hidden. Even in regard to this world it is so. Principle which you cannot see, is essentially higher than action, which you can. The man of ideas is a statesman of higher order than the adroit administrator. The man who has formed and adhered to a purpose is a nobler politician than the man who prides himself upon never having changed a detail. Thus far in things of the earth. How far above, then, on the same principle, must he stand, whose very principles and purposes have a hidden spring within them. If there be a fire of devotion, if there be a zeal of love, which moves the motive, how magnificent must be the life thus lived!

MAKE it a settled rule always to do what your conscience directs, and to leave undone what it forbids. No matter whether it be in action, or word, or thought, in public or in private, no matter how much you may suffer in consequence of it, always do what you believe to be right. There can no evil happen to you so great as to do wrong, and you can gain no good so great as that which arises from doing right.

UNLESS a man be well aware that he is laboring under a disease, he will not think of asking for the remedies which might cure him; nor will he take them, although you hold them out to him, and although their efficacy may have been proved in a multitude of cases, more especially if they happen to be distasteful to his vitiated palate. If he mistakes the convulsive fits of a fever for the vigor of health, he will not consent to practise that abstinence by which his fever might be subdued. Nor unless we are fully convinced that our souls are tormented by a deadly, clinging disease, and that no earthly power or skill can heal them, shall we think of applying earnestly for health to the only physician of souls.

MUCH of the harshness with which the old judge the young is due to want of understanding, want of sympathy with the motives, the feelings, the pleasures, the pains of the immature life which has all to learn, all to bear, and as much to fear. The old have been through the same wood, but they have forgotten both the way and the accidents thereof. They have not enough kindly imagination to fill up the long lapse of memory, when Time's effacing fingers have scored out events as well as feelings. They have no sympathy with the follies they themselves once committed and now see committed by others.

WHEN the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard how quick-sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we remember words, or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped in our intercourse with them! How careful should such thoughts render us in the fulfilment of those offices of affection which may yet be in our power to perform! for who can tell how soon the moment may arrive when repentance cannot be followed by reparation?

TO advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

THE winged animals mentioned by the prophet Ezekiel are represented as having under each wing a human hand. Here we have a type of the perfect character who not only soars to heaven on the wings of prayer, but holdeth out a hand of help and sympathy to his brother man.

NO words or actions, or conduct or writing, or occupation can be innocent, of which the natural tendency is, to render others worse, that is, to injure their moral character.

IT is not enough to say we should resist the motive which urges us to do wrong. This is of course true; but it is also true that we should not have permitted the motive to attain such strength.

TO forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.

HE that would be well spoken of himself must not speak ill of others.

ANGER causes us often to condemn in one what we approve in another.

JOY BELLS.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Thy hand has set the joy bells ringing
In my heart of hearts to-day;
Sweet silver chimes o'er earth are flinging,
Notes as soft as moonlit ray.

The sun shines brighter than its wont,
The skies wear lovelier azure hues;
The air seems full of life divine,
That all my nature upward woos.

What spell is thine to thrill my soul
With magic witcheries of words?
What art dost use, to chain my will,
With songs far sweeter than the birds?

The hidden harp within my heart,
So long untouched, has silent been;
I deemed it safe from Cupid's dart,
Fore'er impregnable to win!

Love's Remedy.

BY E. H. DIXON.

IT was half-past four, and the morning-room at Minton Court was dotted with confidential groups.

Huge logs blazed in the two fireplaces, but no lamps or candles had been brought in to disturb the intimacy of the twilight hour.

Tea at Minton Court was always drank by firelight on winter afternoons.

"Darkness is such an aid to scandal," Lady Minton used to say; "how can we pull our neighbors to pieces in the glare of those odious lamps? Half the best things I have ever heard has been told me in the dusk."

The hour of tea was a sociable one, and the surroundings were thoroughly feminine.

The morning-room was furnished in that heterogeneous manner which is the characteristic of our time.

There were many screens, and palms in brass pots, Indian mats and Japanese tables, Turkish divans and Smyrnese carvings, while a number of Rajon etchings, framed in black, made a sad note on the Pompeian-red walls, giving the otherwise over-luxurious room that touch of studied pathos which is ever present in the complex and many sided life of to-day.

The curtains were not yet drawn, and far off, apart from the group of dainty figures who were clustered around the tea-table and the fire, stood a young girl with her face pressed against the window.

It was a cold, melancholy afternoon, and outside a heavy white fog was gathering over the frost bitten grounds, making a fine contrast to the gay and cheery scene within-doors.

Suddenly she turned with a cynical little from the window.

"What a fool I am!" said the girl to herself. "I have been standing at that cold window for exactly twenty minutes. And for what reason? Because Dr. Brooke chose to go out for a walk over the moors on a particularly impossible day, and hasn't come back yet. Is that a reason why I should go without my tea, not to mention the awful possibility of catching a cold in my head, and having a red nose?—Oh, thanks, Captain Egerton, I should like some tea, awfully"—and repeating the last sentence aloud, Alison Bligh came forward into the fire-light.

Even in the flickering fire-rays she revealed herself as a very striking girl. There was an unmistakable touch of sensuousness in the full lips, and in the clear-cut nostrils, which were the best part of a nose which was somewhat too thick for a woman, and in the fine curves of her shoulders and bust.

But intellect was not wanting, as her broad, well-marked forehead proved; nor determination, which was revealed in the square lines of her jaw and chin; nor a certain amount of ideality, which looked out of her somewhat dreamy eyes—dark, Southern eyes which were in direct contradiction to the twists of pale red-gold hair which crowned her head.

In sum, a very dangerous young woman, whom Lady Minton was wont to declare she would not trust with her own husband, although Sir Francis was past seventy, and a pattern of the conjugal virtues.

Miss Bligh felt her spirits rise suddenly as she took her place in the cheery circle round the fire, and she smiled when she thought of her watch by the window just now.

How cold and miserable she had felt—how ridiculous to have ceded to such a sentimental impulse!

That was not her way either; she, who had long ago made up her mind to snatch every moment of happiness—every pleasurable emotion even—that life could offer her.

And then the soft voice of Lady Minton was heard saying, "Alison, when you have quite finished with Captain Egerton and those muffins, pass them both on. And do, like a dear child, sing us something."

Miss Bligh thereupon sprang up and went to the open piano.

"I will sing you," she said gravely, "a little romance which I heard once at the Varietes. I believe it has a moral. Judic used to sing it;" and striking up a quaint accompaniment, she sang some words familiar enough on the Boulevards.

While the room was echoing with plaudits on her rather risky performance, the door opened and a man of about five-and-thirty came in and sat down in a rocking-chair at the far end of the room.

"Awfully good, by Jove!" cried Captain Egerton, who was leaning on the piano. "I could have sworn it was Judic herself, only you aren't fat, you know."

The last part of the gallant captain's sentence was a tender whisper intended for Miss Bligh's ear alone, but, like many other soft speeches, was perfectly audible to the rest of the room.

Dr. Brooke frowned as he moved from his seat near the door and, coming forward into the fire-light, asked Lady Minton for a cup of tea.

"So glad you're back, doctor! We all thought you were lost on Exmoor," said Lady Minton, purring over her guest as she poured him out some tea.

"Yes, we were all looking forward to seeing you brought home stiffly frozen on a shutter!" cried Alison, who seemed in the highest spirits. Had she forgot her impatient watch by the window only half an hour before?

"Ah, the gods don't love me. I shall not die young," said the doctor, whose keen eyes were riveted on her face.

Then the party broke up into small groups, and it was either by choice or chance that she found herself, only a few minutes later, standing alone with him at the same window at which she had watched half an hour before.

"I am glad you are back," she said at last, half-shyly, as the young man stood and gazed at her in the dusk.

"Are you? You knew I was out, then?"

"Yes."

"None of the others missed me, I should imagine. They were playing some game which looked uncommonly like 'kiss-in-the-ring' when I left. Were you one of that lot?"

"Oh, no. I have been in my room all the afternoon."

"Thank Heaven for that!"

Alison smiled at the fervor of his tone.

"Would you have minded much if I had been 'one of that lot?'"

The doctor frowned.

"I should have been rather disappointed. I should have thought very little of you if you had."

"Well—I wasn't. But I am afraid it is not a sense of the outraged proprieties which kept me from playing 'kiss-in-the-ring' in the hall. If it could possibly have amused me, I should have done so. I believe in amusing oneself. But somehow or other that sort of thing doesn't entertain me. Perhaps I am too old—or not old enough; anyhow, I don't care for the infantine pastimes which are the fashion now. I suppose when I am getting on for forty I shall like them."

"No, I don't think you ever will," said Brooke, smiling down at her charming upturned face.

"But I am afraid you don't understand me," she said quickly; "you think me better than I am. I have no moral aim, no aspirations, nothing of that kind. I simply enjoy the present. I suppose, if I wanted to pose, I should call myself an Epicurean. It is strange, but 'to-morrow' has absolutely no meaning for me; I believe in 'to-day.' I mean to enjoy every hour of my life. After all, what do we know of 'to-morrow?' Nothing. But we do know that roses are divine!"

And pulling a hot-house flower from her waist-belt, the girl pressed it, with a pretty, unconventional gesture, to her lips.

"At that rate," said the doctor, "if you were to have some great misfortune—to lose all your money, for instance, or catch the small-pox—you would have very little to fall back upon. You might feel the want of 'the consolations of religion.'"

"No, I don't think I should. If any great unhappiness," she added dreamily, "were ever to befall me, I should not want to live. I did not ask to come into the world, and why, forsooth, should I not go when I am tired of it? Life, after all, is very like a party to which some one else has insisted on our going. If we are bored, we are surely not bound to wait to the very end. We leave when we please."

Dr. Brooke looked steadily at her.

"You are a very strange girl, Miss Bligh. Not one woman in a thousand would dare to say such a thing as that. But I think you are right. There are cases when death is a release from torture, mentally and bodily."

"How did we get on to such a lugubrious topic?" asked Alison, shivering slightly, and turning away from the dark landscape.

There was a pause, and then the young man said suddenly—

"Why did you sing that song just now?"

"I—don't know," said Alison, with drooping eyes.

"Do you know what it means?"

"Do you?" she said, raising her eyebrows innocently.

"I walked the hospitals in Paris for two years. I understood every word."

"Oh, I am sorry. I thought, with my accent, and an English audience, that I should be perfectly safe."

"Don't do it again," he said; "for Heaven's sake don't. You can't imagine how dreadful it is to see you do a thing like that."

"I never will," she said sullenly, her face flushing scarlet from brow to chin.

"Thank you for saying that," he answered gravely. "Sing something for me, now, will you?"

Miss Bligh answered by moving away to the piano. Brooke stood still by the window, looking out over the snow-covered grounds, and waiting to hear what she would sing.

Alison's fingers strayed tentatively over the keys as if seeking the strain which suited her mood best.

Presently her clear young voice was heard in one of Handel's immortal airs.

"Handel, instead of Boulevard songs"—Duncan Brooke smiled to himself—"that will do. Alison loves me. I know it—I can see it in her eyes."

It was a passionate yet half-paternal feeling that Dr. Brooke had for this beautiful girl; a feeling akin to that which the tiger cherishes towards its cub, and yet with a yearning tenderness too.

He felt that he would gladly have thrown away his life to save her pain, but as it was, he meant to devote his life to her pleasure.

Nothing should be spared that could give her a moment's happiness—this little Epicurean who believed so devoutly in the Now!

There was nothing, too, which could stand in the way of an immediate marriage.

Duncan Brooke had already made a brilliant reputation and a large practice, and Alison being an orphan with a fortune of her own, there would be no difficulties about their settling down at once.

His house in Grosvenor Street was a fair-sized one, and with Alison's taste in furniture and pictures, might be made one of the prettiest in London.

He smiled as he saw a vision of her radiant face at the head of his dinner-table, smiling at his guests, perfect in her young matronhood.

Somehow he always thought of her in connection with beautiful and pleasant things; with flowers, and pictures, and music, and the sparkle of dinner-table wit.

She had told him that day that she loved roses; well, she should have roses on her table every day of the year.

And then Brooke remembered that pearls were another hobby of Alison's. He would telegraph to town to-morrow for the finest necklace he could get.

That night, when Lady Minton had sent her maid away, a pink-robed figure knocked at her door and knotted a pair of soft arms tight round her neck.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" she gasped in the midst of this impetuous embrace.

"It's all settled—and I'm so happy!"

"Indeed," said Lady Minton, laughing. "And may I ask who is the lucky man?"

"Oh, Dr. Brooke, of course. How can you ask?"

"My dear, all the men in the house are mad about you. I listen to their confidences—you know my way."

"Well, you shan't be bored with any more, you dear thing. Please let them know that I'm the happiest woman in the world!"

A week later Lady Minton and two or three of her guests stood at the hall door to see the doctor and Miss Bligh mount the dog-cart for a drive. Lady Minton was profuse in her advice.

"Now mind you take care of Alison, doctor. That mare is rather frisky, and the roads are slippery to-day. You've got to bring Alison back safe and sound. We don't want to have a 'case' for you down here."

The doctor smiled as Miss Bligh came down the wide oaken staircase. A week's happiness had changed a handsome girl into a young goddess.

In her tight-fitting manly garments and the soft furs at her throat, she looked the personification of youth. Her eyes—always fine—seemed twice as large, and had acquired a soft expression which was irresistible; the cynical little laugh, which had formerly been one of her characteristics, had disappeared.

Another two minutes, and the girl was snugly tucked under a fur rug on the front seat of the high dog-cart, and Brooke, touching the mare with his whip, sent her flying down the long carriage drive.

"How ridiculously those two people are in love with each other!" said Lady Minton with a little sigh. "Upon my word, it is quite Arcadian. I wonder how long it will last?"

"About six months, I take it," drawled Captain Egerton; "at least, I hope so. Miss Bligh absolutely won't look at any other fellow than Saw-bones. But it can't last, that sort of thing. Quite uncivilized, you know."

"Well, they are to be married in six weeks," laughed Lady Minton. "So this time next year we shall see you 'making the running' with the beautiful Mrs. Brooke?"

"Nothing more likely in the world," replied Captain Egerton, who had a royal idea of his own powers of fascination.

At the luncheon-table two chairs were vacant.

"I wonder where our two young people have got to?" said Lady Minton. "I wish Dr. Brooke would not take her these long expeditions, it makes me very uneasy."

"They are probably lunching somewhere, dear Lady Minton," suggested the "frisky matron" of the party.

"I don't know where they will lunch out on Exmoor—and I don't feel at all sure about that mare. She is getting a regular jade."

The afternoon closed in, and there were still no signs of the girl and her lover. Tea had been brought in, and Lady Minton was trying to hide her growing alarm as she chatted with her guests and did the honors of the tea-table.

"I am sure I heard wheels at the front of the house," she said suddenly.

"Yes, but it is not the dog cart," said Captain Egerton; "those were cart-wheels I heard."

"Go out and see what it is, for goodness' sake. No carts ever come up to the Court after dusk!"

The young man hurried out of the room, and a minute later a scared footman came and whispered to Lady Minton. Hurrying into the hall she was met by Egerton and Brooke.

The doctor's face was destitute of every vestige of color, and his eyes seemed to have sunk back far into his head.

"There has been a bad accident——"

"Where is Alison?" cried Lady Minton; "she is not——"

"No; not dead. But she is very seriously injured. Can you bear the worst?"

"Take me to her—my poor darling!" wailed Lady Minton.

"We have carried her here, into Sir Francis' study; and she must not be moved any more. Don't look at her face, Lady Minton. I want you to be strong—to help me."

A motionless heap lay on the sofa, and that heap was Alison Bligh. Piteous groans came from her lips, and one side of her face was carefully bound up with a man's white silk handkerchief.

"Make up a bed quickly here. Call her maid—if she has strong nerves—to help you take off her clothes. I can tell you nothing definite till I have examined her. Bring some brandy."

These orders were briefly given by the doctor as he hurried from the room to fetch his case of surgical instruments.

An hour later the worst was known. The girl's spine was so badly injured that she would never be able to rise again. One side of her face had been so terribly crushed that she was hardly recognizable, and her sufferings were acute. She might live, the doctor thought, but her life would be so many years of mental and bodily anguish.

The house-party at Minton Court broke up immediately, and by noon the next day the last carriageful of guests had swept down the drive.

Silence reigned in the large rambling

house, Lady Minton and Miss Bligh's maid taking their turn in the sick-room. As for Duncan Brooke, he hardly left his patient's bedside.

Always a reticent man, not even his hostess ever guessed what he suffered during those long days and nights of anxious watching.

At night, particularly, he would let no one else sit up with her, even if he snatched an hour or two's sleep during the day. For a whole fortnight she lay almost unconscious on the bed, unable to articulate, and only showing by her low groans that she was still alive—and suffering.

Then came a change, and Alison was able to speak again.

One day the doctor was alone with her in the room where they had laid her down on the day of the accident.

The great house was hushed into perfect stillness, and not a sound was to be heard but the occasional fall of a cinder on the hearth.

"Duncan," she whispered suddenly, with a weary little sigh.

"What is it, my darling?" said the doctor, bending his head to listen.

"I—I want to go to sleep."

"So you shall, dear. I will give you an opiate to-night."

"Oh, but I want to go to sleep for—always. I cannot bear it any more. It is all over with me now; all over, and I am only twenty-two! I should go mad, chained to a bed all the years I may have to live. . . . And you would learn to hate me—how could you help it? I know I am a horrible, maimed mass, although you have never let me see my face since. . . . . Oh, Duncan, and the pain! I cannot bear it. I always hated pain; I am sure I feel it more than other people do. And what I suffer now," she added fiercely, "is inhuman! What have I done that I should have to bear this terrible agony? We would not let a dog suffer what you all look on and see me endure! Oh, it is cruel—cruel!"

"Alison, I would give my life to save you one pang."

"Would you?" she said eagerly. "I know you are brave and good. Have you the courage to help me now? Oh, Duncan! when you give me that chloral to-night, give me enough to send me to sleep for always. No one will ever know. Oh, my darling, do me this one last service!"

"I cannot do it," he whispered back, some inward voice telling him, even as he spoke the words, that here was the merciful euthanasia for this poor maimed girl. He knew that her life—even if she lived—would be henceforward a martyrdom, and that never again would she rise from her "mattress grave."

As night closed in Alison grew worse. She was evidently suffering frightfully.

"I shall not leave her an instant to-night," said Brooke to Lady Minton, who stood with scared, white face at the bedside. "I cannot tell what may happen," he added at the door, having persuaded his hostess to take an hour or two's rest. "She might succumb now—from the shock—or she might live for years. I shall give her a strong opiate to-night. She must have sleep."

"Thank Heaven for one thing," said Lady Minton, "and that is, that you are able to be with her—that you are here in the house. Think if we had been obliged to rely on the local practitioner! It is simply a mercy that you are here."

"A mercy?" repeated the doctor gravely. "Yes; perhaps it is."

When day dawned the house was all astir.

Swiftly moving figures hurried up and down stairs, and the doctor, meeting Lady Minton in the cold gray light at the door of the sick-room, took her hand and led her away.

"Alison is gone," he whispered. "She passed away last night without pain. I was with her; she died in my arms."

"Poor darling! It is a merciful release," sobbed the kind-hearted woman.

"Yes, a merciful release," repeated Brooke, pressing his hostess's hand.

Next day Lady Minton went with a sinking heart to the doctor's door.

He had locked himself in ever since Alison's death, and had refused all food, on the plea that he wished to sleep; but she found him sitting dressed at his writing-table, having obviously never been to bed. Some medical books and sheets of manuscript lay about, and he seemed to be writing.

"I am so pained, Dr. Brooke, to speak of anything connected with this awful affair, but you know there are the usual formalities to be observed. Poor Alison had no near relations living, so we must arrange all the last sad offices. Here is the registrar's certificate. Will you, as you were her only medical attendant, fill in the —cause of death?"

"The cause of death!" cried Brooke, rising from his chair. "I—I—cannot say—how should I know?" he shouted, throwing up his hands.

The next instant he was lying in a senseless heap on the floor.

* * * * * *

Six months after, the following paragraph appeared in an evening paper:

"A Hero of the Hospital.—Once more one of our most eminent physicians has proved that heroism is not confined to the winners of the Victoria Cross. It is with the deepest regret we record the untimely death of Dr. Duncan Brooke, of Grosvenor Street, physician to the Whitechapel Hospital. It appears that an in-patient—a boy of eleven years of age—was suffering from acute diphtheria. The physicians agreed that there was a chance of saving the child's life if the operation of tracheotomy could be successfully performed. It will be remembered that in this operation the putrid and poisonous matter has to be sucked by the operator through a tube. In spite of the opposition of the other doctors, Dr. Brooke insisted on performing the operation, which was highly successful, the boy being now nearly convalescent. Dr. Brooke (who, it appears, received a severe mental shock some six months ago) was taken ill shortly afterwards, and expired this morning in the hospital. Deceased was widely known and highly respected."

Golden Sands.

BY J. LLOYD.

"VIOLET, where did you get that ring?"

A start, a vivid flush, a look of deepened vexation and a sharp reply—that is how our first quarrel began; before that, great Scott! how happy we had been.

"Jack, how absurd you are, and why do you startle me like that? As to the ring, it is mine; is not that enough for you?"

"No, it is not enough; and I choose to be answered."

"A lord of creation!" laughed my wife somewhat bitterly. "You think then you have only to command, and I shall obey."

A pair of too bright eyes were turned upon me; they glittered with a light I had never seen in them before.

"Of course you will obey, Violet."

"Of course I shall not, Jack."

We stood looking at each other—we two who loved so well—with anger welling in both our hearts.

"That is a gentleman's ring," I continued.

"I did not say it was not."

"Whose is it? Where did it come from?"

"I will not tell you if you question me for a month," cried my wife impatiently; "so let us drop the subject."

Can any one explain what jealousy is? How that wild pang, that frenzied brain-fire first finds life?

All I know is that it then took possession of me. I, who loved her so well, distrusted my wife, and she knew it.

"No, we cannot drop the subject as you suggest," I returned doggedly.

"Why?"

"Because—because if you had nothing to conceal you would speak openly, and tell me what I wish to know."

"What do you mean by conceal? You cannot think——"

She broke off suddenly.

There was a startled quiver of the delicate nostril, a tremble of the red lip. She came very close to me, and laid her hand upon my arm.

"If I thought you could doubt me, Jack," she said, "I should know how to act; but you might be sure by now that I have too much spirit to be ordered by any man. I cannot tell you anything about the ring at present."

Our happiness hung then in the balance. I overturned it. I worshipped this woman. I longed to strain her to my heart and press my lips to hers; but some demon held me back.

"As I turned the corner just now I thought I saw Arthur Vane come out of our gate. Was I right?"

"Probably. My cousin only left a few minutes since."

"I see. He is a diamond merchant."

I went very close to her, and laid my hand roughly upon her white wrist—yes, roughly! I could see the print of my fingers upon the tender flesh.

I saw it then of course, but I thought little of it at the time: but since—well, it does not bear thinking of.

"Did your cousin bring you that ring?" and my eyes were fixed upon hers as though the sun were let in upon my sometime darkened mind.

The stately little head was thrown back, the bright dark eyes met mine fearlessly; but a flood of crimson glow rushed over the sweet proud face, and receding, left her pale.

"What if he did?" she asked coldly—so coldly that I knew she was keeping down some strong excitement.

"If he did we must part. I will not allow you to receive presents from a former lover."

"Who told you that Arthur was my lover?"

"It was well known. And now, Violet, will you answer me?"

She stood regarding me with an awed expression in the startled eyes. For a time she neither moved nor spoke.

Then she replied as though the words were wrung from her with difficulty.

"In the weary days which may come and go, remember that you sent me from you, and that you doubted my honor. Good-bye."

She turned like a sleep-walker, and went over the smooth lawn towards the house. I watched her with a sense of despair about my heart.

If only my darling would confess her folly; if only she would tell me the truth; and ask me to forgive her, I felt that my jealousy would be crumpled up, and that she would be my own again.

Even if Arthur Vane had cared for her, and had given her his ring, she must have loved my own worthless self best, or she never would have married me.

I looked around my pretty garden, which Violet and I had laid out together only twelve months before, the smooth tennis-lawn, the many formed beds bejeweled with blossoms, the clusters of evergreens, the rose-hung gabled cottage—all looked so home-like, and had brought us two so much happiness.

I shook myself together, and went indoors to try and make it up with my wife; but she was gone, no one knew whither.

Those were weary hours of waiting.

Every moment I hoped she would return; but the shades of evening closed in, and morning dawned upon my desolation.

Violet had no relations except Arthur Vane, so where could she have gone?

As quick as thought I dressed, and leaving my house, I went to that of my wife's cousin. He was not up, but I forced my way into his room notwithstanding the expostulations of his servants.

He sat up in bed and regarded me in genuine astonishment, then his eyes wandered to the clock upon his mantelpiece.

"My dear Bradley," he exclaimed in surprise, "you are an early visitor. I haven't finished my beauty sleep yet."

"Where is Violet?" I asked abruptly, staring at him.

It was his turn to stare after that.

"My good fellow, you must have a tile loose to come to me with such a question," and he touched the own head as he spoke.

I sat down in a chair and buried my face in my hands; after a while I looked up, and found him regarding me in utter astonishment.

"Why did Violet not marry you, Vane?" I inquired desperately.

He broke into a heart whole laugh.

"Were I a conceited man I might reply because I never asked her."

"You never asked her, yet every one said you loved her."

"So I did—dear little cousin Vi—she is the best woman who ever lived—save one."

"And that one?"

"I hope to introduce to you as my wife some day, but I should never have gained Flora, but for Vi."

"She never told me."

"No, she wouldn't, nor should I if the shadows were not nearly past. I am to be married next month; this after years of waiting is good news; no wonder I slept well! Violet will be glad. She has helped me, and kept my secret for the past five years."

I absolutely groaned.

"That ring," I gasped, "the ring you took to my wife yesterday."

"What! has she told you about it after all?" he inquired in surprise; "well, one thing is evident, she can keep my secrets better than her own. You have won a prize in winning my cousin Violet. She is as true as steel, and if only Flora loves me one half as well as she loves you I shall be the happiest man alive."

"I certainly am the most miserable," I broke out.

"You! why, I thought——"

"Ah! so did I—but—Vane, my wife has left me!"

For full sixty seconds he gazed at me in astonishment; then he got up and dressed himself, and went towards the door.

"Where are going?" I asked.

"To the doctor's; you're all wrong, my dear boy."

If it had not been unmanly I should have cried outright.

"The ring," I repeated, "for the love of Heaven tell me about it. Why did you give it to my wife? and why did she hide the fact from me?"

Arthur Vane returned and looked at me curiously, as though I were some strange specimen of the species.

"By Jove! like that, are you? Bradley, I think jealous people should be treated like mad dogs, no one can tell what harm they will do. I never fancied before that you would have doubted Violet's truth and my honor."

His hard words hit straight home.

I sat staring at the pattern of the carpet, but presently I plucked up spirit to make another protest.

"The ring!" I repeated doggedly, "there must have been some secret about that."

"You are right, there was. I promised to keep it; but now I believe it would be better kept in the breach than the observance. The secret is, that your loving wife heard you express the wish that you could afford a handsome diamond ring, and ever since has been saving from her pin-money to gratify your whim. I let her have the diamond at cost price, and got it properly set for her, poor girl, and yesterday I ran in with it as I passed. It was for your coming birthday. She was delighted with it, and at the thought of your pleasant surprise; and it is deuced hard that her love and kindness should get her into trouble. As for myself I will help in no more domestic secrets. Poor Violet! I wish to goodness I knew what had become of her. She was so absurdly fond of you, that she would take the affair to heart."

My shame, joy and sorrow were oddly mingled.

"Why, why she did not tell me!" I exclaimed eagerly. "I came home unexpectedly, and crossed the grass to meet her. She never saw me, she was so much engrossed gazing at a diamond ring. She then tried to hide it, and appeared very much vexed and confused. I insisted on hearing who had given it to her."

"And naturally she wouldn't tell you; girls won't be bullied."

"Oh! why did she not let me into her secret?" I groaned.

"Rather, why did you insult a true woman by your doubts? In your place I should not lose a moment. I should seek her at once and let her know what I think of myself. She loves you and will therefore forgive."

I got up and grasped his hand.

He had taken a weight off my mind. Yet what a heavy one there was left.

Where was I to find my darling; and when found would she pardon me, not only my doubt of her, but my rough usage?

Yes! I remembered now vividly how I had caught her by the wrist and left my mark upon the white flesh.

I did seek my wife—Heaven knows I sought her—but with no success.

I spent my whole leave going from place to place, first upon one false track, then another.

I was a civil servant, and not by any means a rich man, although my income was a comfortable one.

When I returned to my work the fellows exclaimed at the sight of me.

Gray hairs had crept into my erst dark locks; all my jollity had left me. I was melancholy and, well, I must own it—disagreeable.

There were reports innumerable as to why Violet had gone away; and I was silent on the subject—silent as the grave. Doubtless I was not a pleasant companion, and my best friends grew tired of me. I did not mind that.

I haunted the private inquiry offices, and lived upon the excitement of false scents.

I couldn't rest in my home, every spot in it reminded me of my lost darling. Twelve months passed.

I applied for my leave again.

I had almost given up hope of finding Violet.

That year had gone heavily for me, but it had been brisk enough to others. Arthur Vane was a happy benedict, and his wife was one of the prettiest women I had ever seen.

Their happiness made me envious; my lack of it, and my conduct to Violet, made them give me the proverbial cold shoulder.

So I did not see much of them; when I did, I used sometimes to wonder at an expression I more than once caught in Mrs. Vane's remarkably beautiful eyes. Afterwards I understood its meaning.

As I said before, the time had come for me to go on leave once more.

I took no pleasure whatever in the prospect.

My health required the change, so I must go, but otherwise work was better for me, inasmuch as it gave me less time for thought.

I decided upon a well known seaport in North Wales, and made up my mind to travel by a late evening train.

Something detained me, and I as nearly as possible lost it.

It had begun to glide out of the station, but the guard was a good natured man, and hustled me into the very last carriage. It proved a most comfortable one and was empty.

I had it to myself the whole way, and slept through the livelong night.

Once I heard the door open, and a strange voice say "Golden Sands," but I wove it into my dream, and my sleep was disturbed no more, until an abrupt jolt shook me so decidedly that I really awoke.

There was a light in my carriage certainly, such as it was, but it was nearly out.

I put my head from the window and saw another dim light, and for the second time I heard the words "Golden Sands" repeated in a very sleepy voice.

I called to its owner, and after a few minutes' conversation, I learned that I had got into a slip carriage, and had been left behind by the express train some miles away, from whence a good strong horse had lugged it along at a slow pace, and there was no mode of return for the next twelve hours!

So there was nothing to do but to make the best of a bad bargain.

There fortunately was a little inn at which to finish the night, and breakfast, and I took advantage of it.

When I finally awoke the following morning the sun was somewhat high in the sky, and as I looked from my window I felt almost repaid for my mistake.

Mistake did I call it! It was the direct hand of fate, and no mistake at all.

The inn was situated some half-mile inland, upon high ground, and the sea view was a glorious one, with a broad reach of the ocean as far as eye could range.

Before me lay a small fisher settlement, and the fishers were then sailing off into the distance, with their tawny red sails set to the breeze; not one was left behind.

A desire came upon me to follow them. I never had been out fishing, but I thought I should like it, the boats appeared to ride the waters so smoothly, and with so much ease.

I dressed, had my breakfast, and strolled down to the beach. Upon my way I was interested in a small but picturesque cottage, the garden of which led to the shore and a rustic boathouse.

From the distance a sweet voice floated, singing one of my darling's songs, and the voice rooted me to the spot.

A woman passed. I asked her who lived there, and she told me. I gleaned from her busy tongue that it was the seaside retreat of an elderly literary lady named Miss Nation, and my dream was broken. My only wonder was that Miss Nation had retained such a perfect voice at mature years.

I walked on to the cottages on the beach. One boat was lying high and dry. Its owner was one of those men plying upon the world of waters, but the owner's wife was there. The woman hesitated.

She acknowledged that she did not know much about the boat, but she was sure it

wanted something done to it, and "her man" was going to see to it when he had leisure, as they did sometimes have a few visitors who liked a pull, and it was the only one suitable for hire at Golden Sands, and they were glad to earn a few shillings by it, for their family was large and their means were small.

I did not find it very difficult to persuade her to let me take the little craft, and she willingly provided me with bait and tackle, and assisted me to push off, herself.

As the boat glided along under my not too skilful guidance, I looked back at Miss Nation's cottage, and became aware that some one was at the window watching me, but there were lace curtains inside and flowers out, so I could see but little of the lady, who nevertheless appeared to me to be quite young, and moreover my wild fancy imagined the color of the hair and the contour of the face to be like those of my wife.

I went bump up against a projecting piece of rock.

Such a bump! but I took little or no notice of the circumstance, and on I pulled; but, impatient for sport, I did not go very far, but let down my anchor and put out my line.

Watching the water made me sleepy, and I was soon at the bottom of the boat and in the "land of nod."

I awoke with a species of nightmare. I thought I was being drowned, and started to find it almost true.

The boat was full of water, and might go down at any moment. I sprang up and seized the oars.

Life during the past year had never seemed much worth the having, but now that it had come to a question of parting with it I was far from willing to do so.

I was a veritable cockney, and had never learnt to swim, and up to the time I had married Violet I preferred lamp-posts to trees, Regent Street to the prettiest view in the world, and my club to any other place.

I pulled my hardest for dear life. Yes, I acknowledged, with all my sadness and sorrow, life was still dear!

And I got back shorewards as far as the very rock on which I had bumped, and no doubt added to the injuries the boat had already sustained.

There she dived like a bird of the ocean, and I was left in the water in company with the oars and fishing tackle. I clung to one of the oars which washed up against the rock.

That rock was very attractive.

I thought so at that moment, and scrambled on to its rough point, regardless of the discomfort of my position, and I managed to fish the oar up towards me with my foot, and digging it into the sand and seaweed below, it helped to steady me in my perilous position.

The busy wives of the fishermen worked on in their cottages without a thought of me, and I could see no one, absolutely no one, from whom to hope for assistance. I began to wonder how long it would be possible to remain where I was.

Nature, which objects to aches, pains and discomfort, said "only for a very little while." I looked towards the window where I had seen Miss Nation, but that hope left me; no one was there.

But wait! My heart leapt into my mouth. I saw a flutter of petticoats in the garden. If only I could make the literary lady hear me now!

I struggled to get out my handkerchief from my coat tail pocket, and as nearly as possible lost my balance. Furiously I waved and as furiously I shouted.

Yes, I was heard or seen! A white handkerchief was waved in return.

That was perhaps the very happiest moment of my life. I make the confession with shame, but I must tell the truth. The horror of a watery grave was almost too much for me. Violet was well-nigh forgotten.

The most charming creature in all the world to me seemed middle-aged Miss Nation. I determined, no matter what I suffered, to hold on until that good woman sent me succor.

Sent! She was an angel, she was coming herself!

The door of the boathouse was thrown open; the boat was quickly drawn through a little creek; in another moment Miss Nation was in it, and pulling towards me with able hands.

I was still in misery, but I was exultant. Had I been a single man I should then have made a vow to marry Miss Nation, regardless of her age and blue stockings.

As it was there could be no harm in my admiring the back of her neck.

The old lady had thick brown hair coiled about a shapely head, and even in my critical position I questioned how she had managed to retain it so long, when I had a thin place coming on the crown of mine at nine-and-twenty, and wondered whether she would be offended if I were to ask for the recipe for her hair wash!

Miss Nation's skin too was creamy white. The sun shone upon her neck and showed up its dazzling fairness. Once or twice a face gave a rapid glance around.

I thought I must be getting delirious! Miss Nation was so very like my wife, and how she was pulling, as though her life as well as mine depended upon her speed!

My pulses were throbbing wildly; a wild hope broke out in my heart like sunshine. My eyes never left the fair form.

The boat shot alongside that jagged rock, which was but a sorry sort of resting-place, and those dear eyes which I knew so well were shining with tears and looking at me full of love.

"Oh, Jack! thank God I am in time," she said, and that was all. Not an unkind word, not a reproach.

My heart was too full then for speech, but I clasped my arms about her and made a solemn vow—and what is more, I have kept it.

No young married woman in society has had more admirers than my wife, but the first cloud in our lives was our last, and I never had cause to regret my accidental visit to Golden Sands.

I understood after a long talk with Violet what Mrs. Arthur Vane's eyes had so often said to me.

She knew where my wife was hiding, Miss Nation being in fact her own aunt, and there is but little doubt that she many times longed to let me into the secret.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

As a general rule, those who are dumb are born deaf, and their inability to hear the conversation of others has prevented them from acquiring the faculty of conversation themselves.

It is an extremely rare occurrence for a child to be born dumb; in fact, it may be said that, practically speaking, there is no such thing as dumbness.

Deafness is the sole cause of mutism, and deaf mutes almost invariably possess the organs of speech to the same degree of perfection as other people.

Until recently this fact was not generally recognized. The deaf were condemned to life-long dumbness, and had no means of communicating with their kind other than the unsatisfactory sign language, which was considered to be the only help for them.

It is impossible to conceive a sadder existence than that of the deaf mute, who can only express his thoughts and wishes through the medium of his fingers; who is utterly cut off from nineteen out of every twenty fellow creatures he meets, and who at the best is confined to a clumsy and laborious method of making known the workings of his mind.

And yet it is only within the last few years that this piteous state of affairs has seen a change for the better.

A generation ago the deaf and dumb were, as a rule, wholly uneducated. Unable even to so much as read and write, they passed through life almost on a level with the brute creation.

But now the case is altered. The system of oral instruction, which has been devised for the deaf and dumb, may be said to almost place them on an equal footing with their more fortunate fellow creatures.

A deaf person who, in days gone by, would infallibly have been dumb all his life as well, is now enabled, not only to understand what others say, but to converse with them too.

The course of instruction necessary for the production of such a result is, as may be imagined, of a very tedious nature.

It has two main divisions—teaching the pupils to speak and to understand the speech of others.

Both master and pupil must be possessed of a large stock of patience, for the task will be a long one, however skilled, the instructor and apt the learner may be.

Speech is taught by the aid of the senses of touch and sight. The master places himself before his pupil, and the latter watches him closely as he speaks, noting the manner in which every sound is produced, and endeavoring to imitate exactly the motions of throat and lips which he makes.

Every attempt that is made by the pupil to formulate a sound is persevered with until it is successful.

At first the work is weary in extreme for the pupil and teacher alike, but as some sounds are acquired, others become easier, and the more skilled a learner grows the more readily he picks up new movements of the organs of speech.

A single instance will suffice to show the nature of the instruction. Say the teacher wishes to make a deaf mute pronounce the letter "o."

He faces his pupil and says "o" in the usual manner. The pupil tries to do the same thing, but naturally falls very far short of perfection.

It then becomes the business of the master to place the learner's mouth into the proper position, and by striking him on the chest cause him to breathe out, and thus make the sound required.

It may be that the first attempt will result well, but, as a rule, many trials have to be made before the letter is given as it should be.

This process has to be followed for every letter of the alphabet, the vowels being taken in hand first, as they are easier to learn than the consonants.

When the infinite variety of the sounds in our language is considered, the magnitude of the task will be to some extent realized; but none can properly appreciate its difficulty unless they have actually witnessed the instruction of the deaf and dumb.

The method by which the deaf understand what is said to them is known as "lip reading."

In the words of a well-known teacher of the deaf and dumb, the deaf mute "is deprived of the sense of hearing only, but we give him, in lieu of this faculty, a power to understand what is said by means of the eye. The eye is so trained as to supply the lack of hearing, and thus the words which others hear the deaf mute sees, and the faculty of seeing what others say is called 'lip reading.' It is the teaching of this lip reading which requires the greatest attention and training. We consider it the principal object of our tuition, since the power of understanding what is spoken is of far greater value than speech itself."

"Lip reading" should really be called "face reading," for the meaning of a speaker is gathered from the movement and expression of his whole face.

"Lip reading" has, however, become the popular and accepted term, and so it is best to adhere to it. In the first instance the pupil is made to watch intently the faces of those with whom he comes in contact.

When it is considered that the faculty of close observation has been sufficiently acquired, the teacher gives exercises to classes, until his pupils learn to distinguish the look of every single sound.

The instruction is carried out in such a manner that the learners become able to ascertain the speaker's meaning, whether he addresses them full face, or with his profile only presented to them.

The teacher always takes care to keep his head motionless when he is giving lessons, for it is naturally far more difficult to follow the movements of the features when the head is moving from side to side than when it is still.

"Mouthing" must be carefully avoided by the teacher. He must articulate his words slowly, but must not unduly emphasize the action of the lips, or his pupils will find themselves at fault when they come to watch the talking of others.

It will be readily understood that an immensity of practise is required to distinguish between such sounds as representing the words "cold" and "gold," "pear" and "bear," or "face" and "pace."

The deaf trust a great deal to their power of intuition, which become very highly developed.

For instance, in conversing with a stranger, a deaf person will probably fail to understand the whole of any sentence uttered; but the words distinguished will enable him to grasp the meaning of the entire sentence.

The voices of those who are taught upon the oral system have a strange monotony, which always strikes those who converse with them.

This is, of course, because the deaf person knows nothing of sound, and the language which to others is a collection of sounds is to him merely a collection of movements.

Putting aside this peculiarity of the voices of the deaf, there is often nothing in their way of carrying on a conversation which would lead one to suppose that they were without the use of any of their senses.

It is estimated that all the world over there are nearly a hundred thousand deaf mutes educated or undergoing instruction.

NOT EASILY MOVED.—There is perhaps no difference in men's characters so widely marked as in the matter of what is commonly called "taking trouble." It is only editors, however, who know how large is the public that will sit down and write a long epistle upon some subject that concerns them not one whit, merely because they have seen it mentioned in a newspaper.

On the other hand there is a class of persons whom nothing moves. Their motto is that of a famous college: "They say. What do they say? Let them say."

They are blind and deaf to all external affairs. You may write about them without fear of an action for libel.

A magnificent specimen of this kind has been lately discovered—not, we may be sure, by himself. At an inquest after a railway accident two witnesses identified a body as having belonged to an individual of their acquaintance. A few weeks afterwards, however, he turned up, alive and well.

"Did you not know," he was asked, "that you were sat upon by the coroner, and viewed by the coroner and buried?"

"Yes," he said, "I read something to that effect in a newspaper; but I didn't think it worth while to say anything."

In the meantime, however, he had nearly frightened several people into fits by merely saying, "How are you?"

In a recent book of "Reminiscences," there is a story of two brothers of this impassive kind, who, arriving at a crowded inn, had to sleep in a double-bedded room.

The next morning, when they were on the top of the coach, miles away from the inn, one says to the other—

"I say, Bob, did you know there was a corpse under your bed last night?"

Bob nodded and said "Yes."

But that was nothing compared with the coolness of this gentleman who was taken for a corpse himself.

SLEEP.—A scientific writer says: Sleep, if taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of such headaches will watch the symptoms of its coming, they can notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness and heaviness. This is the time that a sleep of an hour or two, as nature guides, will effectually prevent the headache. If not taken just then it will be too late, for after the attack is fairly under way it is impossible to get sleep until far into the night perhaps. It is so common in these days for doctors to forbid having their patients waked to take medicine, if they are asleep when the hour comes round, that the people have learned the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is better for the sick than medicine.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

What well directed training schools can accomplish is illustrated in the dairy schools of Denmark. The Government has for years spent over $50 000 yearly for the maintenance of dairy schools. The result has been an immense improvement in dairy products, and a lively demand for Danish butter. Within 20 years Denmark's exports of butter have increased from $2 100,000 to $13 000,000 per annum.

The Archduke Albrecht, Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Army, who is perhaps the wealthiest man in Austria-Hungary, lately, while on a tour of inspection in Hungary, spent 48 hours in a small provincial town. The hotel bill presented to him amounted to $765. It was paid without a murmur, but the next day the officers of the garrison received strict instructions not to set foot in the hotel in question, and for the next 12 months no military band will be allowed to play in the town.

The frequency of suicides in Austria-Hungary has often puzzled statisticians; but the land is also one of extraordinary suicides. During a recent week the following cases of self-murder were reported: A woman crazed by religious fanaticism burned herself on a funeral pyre constructed by her own hands in a forest. A boy, seven years old, flung himself out of a window to escape from the ill-treatment of his mother. A man, sentenced to imprisonment, jumped from the window of the court of justice, and was killed on the pavement below. An actress shot herself on the stage of the Furst Theatre, in the Prater, and the same day an officer of engineers took a dose of chloroform and then shot himself; as he pulled the trigger he unsuccessfully attempted to explode a dynamite cartridge tied to his forehead.

Dr. Briand, a young Frenchman, has discovered or invented a new cure for consumption. We have had the cold water cure, and now we are going to have the cold fresh air cure! Slowly accustoming the patient to the action of air, Dr. Briand first opens the window, and then moves the bed on which the "subject" is lying every day a little nearer to it. The last stage of the cure consists in sleeping in the open air regardless of wind, rain or snow. It is said that the four patients who submitted to the kill-or-cure treatment last Winter have gone home to their families rejoicing, every consumptive symptom having disappeared. This way of curing consumption is not absolutely new, having been first tried some years ago at Falkenstein. The treatment is composed of eighty centigr. of creosote, rain and snow ad libitum.

In 1876, only 13 years ago—only as long as it takes a young miss to grow into tolerable long dresses, we had but a couple of Gramme machines and a few lamps of a very crude and unsatisfactory construction and wonderfully low efficiency at the Philadelphia Centennial. Just think of it, seriously, thoughtfully, with your eyes shut, for one moment, and then say to yourself there are $300,000,000 to-day invested in the electric light business, with over 237,017 arc and 2,704 768 glow lamps, and the 100 railways, with nearly 800 miles of track and 1000 motor cars in daily service, and then say, if you can, what the power is, or the energy is, or the force is, or the whatever you call it is, which is doing this work. And, again, predict if you dare, what the next 13 years, while that laughing little miss is growing to be a staid matron, will accomplish with this same unknown and unknowable laborer in the world of science, and art, and the domestic economy of the world.

A girl tramp, wearing male attire, was arrested in Cincinnati one day this week on suspicion of being a crook. At the station house she told this story of her life: "I came here from Indianapolis on a freight train. Rode all the way on the bumpers. I've been a tramp for two years, working when I had to, and begging a living when it was possible. I never had a home and never lived in a house. My father was a horse trader and peddler, and traveled all over the country in a wagon with my mother and myself. I suppose I was born in a wagon, as I never knew what it was to live in a house. While I was on the road I took to wearing men's clothes for convenience, and have kept it up ever since. About two years ago, near Vicennes, my mother died from old age. My father sold his outfit to pay the doctor's bill, and soon died himself. I was left alone and had to strike out for myself. So I've been tramping ever since. I've no relatives in the world that I know of, and nobody else that cares for me. I like the life I lead and intend to keep at it. I got in this morning on the train, and, leaving it at the yards, started to get something to eat or do. A stable man offered me a job to drive a team, but I was 'fraid they'd find me out."

HE SAW DOUBLE.—He had not had too much—at least, he said so, and said it with indignant vehemence when accused by his friends. Finally one of his chums proposed that he should walk a chalk line. He eagerly consented. A line was drawn and he was placed at one end, and the referee cried "Go!" but he did not start. "Well, why don't you go?" asked the bystanders. "Which one of those lines do you fellers want me to walk?" he asked with great impressiveness.

Our Young Folks.

SOME FUNNY TREES.

BY A. S.

IDARENAY some children have sometimes burnt their hands by touching a hot piece of iron, or by putting it too near the fire.

In the Fiji Islands, where men used to eat one another until the missionaries taught them the sin of so doing, there grows a tree which burns the flesh like a hot iron if its bark or leaves are touched.

A nettle stings quite badly enough, but twenty nettle-stings in one would not give half the pain which is the result of touching this unpleasant tree.

The inflammation it causes generally remains for a month or more, and itches all that time in a manner that has earned for the tree the name of the "Itch-wood Tree."

Another funny thing about this tree is that its bark is bright green, like the leaves; it bears a curious fruit, looking like walnuts in their green shells made of cork.

I do not suppose you would think this a very funny tree if you were to touch it, or we so still, if a drop of its sap were to fall upon your hand.

People to whom this has happened say the pain produced is even worse than that of touching a red hot iron.

Animals and birds know quite well how foolish it would be to touch the wood or leaves of the "Itch wood Tree," and never venture near it.

In India and South America there is a beautiful little tree which bears rough leaves and very sweet-scented flowers that open in the evening and fall off at the break of day.

This has caused the tree to be looked upon as the sign of mourning, and to be given the name of the "Sorrowful Tree."

It seems very sad that the pretty sweet flowers should bloom only for a night, and should fall off before the day comes to show their beauty.

At the Indian and Colonial Exhibition there was shown a specimen of the 'Sneeze wood Tree," which is a native of Natal and other parts of South Africa.

Its funny name was given to it because one cannot saw it without sneezing violently.

The dust of its wood has just the same effect as the strongest snuff, and is so irritating to the nose that workingmen are obliged to sneeze even when they are planing it.

If a piece of the wood of this tree is put in the mouth it is found to have a very bitter taste, and no doubt it is this bitterness which prevents insects of any kind from attacking the timber of the "Sneeze-wood Tree."

The fact that insects find it so disagreeable makes its wood very valuable for such work as is required to last a long time.

The "Whistling Tree" grows in the West Indian Islands. It bears pods with open edges, and the wind in passing through these produces the sound from which the tree takes its name.

In one part there is a whole forest of these trees, and when—as happens in that part of the world at certain times of the year—the wind blows steadily in one direction for weeks together, an unceasing deep-toned whistle comes from there night and day.

Travelers who hear it for the first time in the middle of a dark night are often very puzzled to know the meaning of the strange sound.

Another "Whistling Tree" is met with in that part of Africa called the Soudan.

Certain kinds of insects are very fond of its shoots, and after they have done feeding upon them they leave little round holes, like those of a flute.

As different insects make different-sized holes, the wind blowing upon them produces various notes, and a most curious concert is sometimes heard to come from one of these trees.

In many parts of this country there is a tree called the "Tooth ache Tree." It has been given its name because it has been found that the bark is a good cure for tooth-ache.

Not only does it relieve people with aching teeth, but it is also used by those who are subject to rheumatism.

It has never been given the name of "Rheumatism Tree," though; so I suppose it is better for the cure of tooth-ache than of rheumatism.

The "Iron-bark Tree" is a native of Australia, and its wood is so hard that special kinds of axes have to be made for cutting it down.

If an ordinary axe is used, its edge is blunted and jagged as if it had been cutting at a piece of iron.

Candles are made from a Chinese tree, called the "Grease Tree." They give a beautiful, clear, white light, with no smoke, and no unpleasant smell.

The grease obtained from this tree is also used for oiling machinery and railway wheels.

There are large forests of it in China, and the people to whom they belong make a great deal of money by allowing others to get the grease out of their trees.

Several trees yield milk as sweet and nourishing as any given by the cow. Their milk is indeed richer than that to which we are accustomed, and is more like cream.

The best known of these is the "Cow Tree" of South America. It grows on rocky ground, and often looks quite dead and withered, but if the trunk is cut, milk flows out in great quantities.

There is a larger supply of this vegetable milk at sunrise than at any other time of the day or night.

The natives always draw their supply of milk for the day then, and are to be met hurrying along to the "Cow Trees" with large jugs, which they bring back quite full.

The "Paradise Tree" is funny from the fact that it cannot be made to grow from seeds or shoots or by any other method.

There are only seven of these trees in the world, so far as is known, and they grow all together in a part of Central America.

Each tree bears a single flower, which is exactly like a dove with outspread wings and raised head. The scent of these flowers is so strong that it can be perceived when one is nearly a mile away from them.

There is another tree which grows in the same part of the world, and has flowers shaped like a hand with the five fingers spread out.

It is named the "Hand Tree," and is looked upon with great veneration by the natives in whose forests it is found.

Some of you may have seen little plants whose flowers close when anything touches them. There is a tree the leaves of which do the same thing.

It is called the "Sensitive Tree." The leaves are like those of the acacia, and if you lay a finger along the central vein of one of them its fronds close upon the intruder and clasp it quite tightly.

The "Grass Tree" has been given its name because its leaves are not like those of other trees, but look as though a great tuft of grass were growing out of the top of the stem.

It is found in Australia, and sheep and cattle are fed on this strange grass, which they seem to like just as well as if it grew on the ground instead of on the top of a tree.

Travelers in South America have sometimes been astonished by feeling rain drop upon them as they passed under a certain tree, while outside the shade of its branches there was none.

They called this the "Raining Tree," and supposed that it in some curious way obtained moisture from the air and dropped it upon the earth.

It has been found, though, that this rain is really the juice of the leaves, which is sucked by insects and dropped by them upon the ground in such quantities as to seem like rain.

When we want a loaf of bread we go and buy it at the baker's, but in the South Sea Islands bread grows on the "Bread-fruit Tree."

The fruit is about as big as the head of a little child, and when it is baked it is just like the crumb of new bread both in look and taste.

For eight months of the year this queer bread can be gathered fresh from the tree; for the other four months the people who live where it grows eat bread fruit which they have preserved in pits in the ground.

It is funny to find bread growing on a tree, and so it is to be given a dish of cabbage which has grown at the very top of a tree that is one of the tallest in the world.

The "Cabbage Tree" is often a hundred feet high, and has no branches until near the summit. The cabbage like leaves from it are eaten either boiled as we eat cabbages, or raw with oil and vinegar, as we eat lettuce.

FROM A CHINESE STAND POINT.—A travelled Chinese mandarin who has lately communicated his impressions of the West to his countrymen, deals with great particularity with the position and treatment of women in Europe.

These surprise him beyond measure. Thus the notion of husband and wife walking arm in arm in public places fills him with amusement.

"Nobody smiles at it," he says; "and even a husband may perform any menial task in his wife's presence, yet no one will laugh at him."

Then again, the notion of men standing aside to let a woman pass, and the code of politeness which requires men to make way for a woman, are to him incomprehensible.

In China, when the men have eaten, the women dine off the scraps; but in the West, "at meal time the men must wait until the women are seated, and then take, one after another, their places; and the same rule must be observed when the meal is finished."

Western women have curious notions about dress and appearance. "They set store by a large bust and slender waist, but, while the waist can be compressed, the bust cannot naturally be enlarged. If a woman is short-sighted, she will publicly mount spectacles. Even young girls in their 'teens' pass thus along the streets, and it is not regarded as strange."

He is greatly exercised how to describe kissing; the thing or word does not exist among the Chinese, and accordingly he is driven to describe it.

"It is," he says, "a form of courtesy which consists in presenting the lips to the lower part of the chin and making a sound."

"Besides invitations to dinner, there are invitations to a tea gathering, such as are occasionally given by wealthy merchants or distinguished officials. When the time comes, invitations are sent to an equal number of men and women, and, after these are all assembled, tea and sugar, milk, bread, and the like are set out as aids to conversations. More particularly are there invitations to skip and posture, when the host decides what man is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man. Then, with both arms grasping each other, they leave their places in pairs, and leap, skip, posture, and prance for their mutual gratification. A man and woman previously unknown to each other may take part in it."

THE PELICAN AND THE GULL.

BY M.

"RED HERRINGS!" exclaimed Mary, after she had examined her uncle's fishing-basket. "Why, I didn't know that people could catch red herrings."

"Well, no; I suppose they don't," answered Captain Graham. "The fact is that though I spent several hours by the river, not a single fish would bite; so I bought a dozen of these red rascals on my way home, in order that you should not be disappointed."

A merry laugh greeted the speaker, who was a great favorite with his nephews and nieces.

"Now, if you had been living in Mexico, my reputation as an angler might have been easily preserved," remarked the captain, as he pushed his chair away from the tea table.

"What do you mean?" shouted the children in chorus.

"When I said that I was thinking of a very impudent robbery which I saw one afternoon during my last cruise in foreign parts. And if you are not too tired I will tell you about it."

Came the reply in one voice:

"Oh, do, please!"

"You'll find that this is a story of self-help, or rather of helping oneself. We were lying becalmed in the Gulf of Mexico, and to while away the time I went ashore early on a fine summer morning. The first thing that caught my eye was a large number of very funny-looking birds called pelicans.

"I daresay you have never seen one. Well, imagine a bird with a body as big as a swan's, enormous wings, low stout legs, webbed feet, and a head which seems to be nearly all bill. The upper part of the bill ends in a sharp hook, and the lower half consists of a strange bag, which is really a portion of the neck, and can be drawn up or extended, as the creature wills."

"A sort of elastic pouch, uncle?" asked Mary of the inquiring mind.

"Exactly, my dear. Now the pelican is a bird of what you call 'regular habits.' It spends the morning fishing, then it rests for several hours, during which it digests its food and dresses its feathers, then the heat of the day being over, it goes a-fishing till sunset, when it retires to roost.

"It is a curious thing that pelicans are rarely seen in small flocks. As a rule they can be counted by the hundred, and even by thousands. Try to picture a scene which I have often gazed on. You are sailing on a lake, and right ahead of you there seem to be vast beds of water-lilies; or, if you are nearing the shore, you appear to be making for a huge white cliff, wall gleaming in the sun; or the banks look as if they were bordered by strange trees covered with enormous white blossoms, but showing not a single scrap of green leaf. Each picture vanishes, however, when you come to close quarters. The water lilies, the wall, and the blossoms are all great numbers of white pelicans."

"Really, uncle!"

"Yes, that's a fact, although the brown pelican is commoner in Mexico and Florida. As it fishes regularly twice a day the pelican is a skilled angler—a good deal more successful than I ever shall be. The birds have two styles of fishing. Sometimes they wade in shallow water, or swim about duck-wise, bobbing up and down like gigantic corks, and so catch their prey. At other times they will take wing and fly above the water, keeping a sharp outlook for victims. When these are espied, down they dart as straight as an arrow, piercing the fish with their bill-hook or spear, and either eating them there and then or throwing them into their pouch. It is only the pelican that dives, however.

"They keep on fishing until they have filled their bag. Then they all retire to their home on some island or sandbank, where they feed together. Opening the bill, a clever jerk shoots a fish out of the pouch down the bird's throat. Presently another fish is thus got rid of, and so the process goes on until the bag is emptied. A whole line of big clumsy birds thus dining together has, believe me, a most comical look."

"But isn't a pelican very greedy?"

"I regret to say," answered Captain Graham, "that, like other birds—vultures, for instance—it is a greedy bird. But when it has partaken freely it becomes heavy and dull, and in this condition the saucy gulls play all sorts of tricks with it. I have seen a gull perch on a pelican's head, wait till the bill was opened, and then catch the fish jerked out of the pouch—but not for its consumption. Whether the pelican knows that it has been cheated I cannot say. There is no doubt that the gull knows that it has cheated the pelican, for as it flies off with its stolen fish it utters a wild scream of laughter, that only a schoolboy after a successful joke of a highly practical kind could rival."

"But from what you have said, uncle, the pelican is a water bird: how then does the Bible speak of the 'pelican of the wilderness'?"

"Well asked, Hugh, my boy. The bird haunts the Holy Land, and David must often have seen it. When therefore he spoke of it in connection with the wilderness, what he doubtless alluded to was the pelican's habit of leaving the lake or river at night, and flying to the plain, where the birds roost in a circle, with their heads outwards, so that no jackal or other foe could approach them unseen. Some of these treeless plains with stunted grass and herbs probably struck the Psalmist as resembling a desert, and so he sang of the pelican as if it frequented a wilderness. Assuming, therefore, that he meant our pelican (which, as I have said, is found in Palestine), I think this is a reasonable solution of your difficulty, Hugh."

"Thank you, uncle."

"Very well. One word more, children, and I have done. You will see from what I have said that had I come home from an unsuccessful fishing expedition in Mexico I might have helped myself, as the gulls do, to a considerable quantity of fresh fishes."

"Ah, but, uncle, you mightn't have cheated us! At least, not with red herrings."

IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.—In the City of Mexico the income from the taxation of liquors and the license on saloons are very large indeed. Every liquor and pulque shop pays a monthly license.

Pulque is the common or cheap beverage of the hot country, corresponding to the malt beer of the United States. It is "purely vegetable," being extracted from the maguey plant, a species of the cactus (century plant).

In addition to the license fees on saloons, an octroi, or entry tax, is collected on all pulque coming within the city limits. For the fiscal year just ended this gate tax amounted to the sum of $560 000, or more than $1,500 a day.

This is from the pulque alone—the beer of Mexico—which is retailed at one cent for an ordinary glass or three cents for a large schooner.

Add to this the tax on alcoholic beverages, and also the license fees paid by each saloon, of which there are thousands, and some idea may be formed of what the city realizes annually from the liquor traffic.

The City of Mexico has a population that possibly does not exceed 250,000, yet the amount paid into the city treasury by liquor dealers alone cannot fall short of $500 000 a year.

The pulque shops open at six o'clock in the morning and close at five o'clock in the afternoon, and not one of them has a back door.

"MISFIT PHOTOGRAPHS FOR SALE" is the sign on a Detroit photograph gallery. The owner of that establishment told a reporter that he hit on the plan to get rid of unpaid for photographs, adding in answer to the question "who buys the pictures":

"Oh, many folks. You see, a young man comes in here and sees a nice picture of a girl, and he buys one and sends it home to his friends. Then he takes one for himself, perhaps two, and in that way I get my money back. I know one young fellow who took some of my best work and sent it to Germany to represent his wife. The picture could easily have passed for hers as far as the features went, but she was never dressed out like that. Mothers who have little children often buy pictures of children with long hair when the hair of their loved ones hasn't grown out, and send them round to friends at a distance. I can sell brides' pictures without any trouble. I sometimes think pictures that ain't taken for people look just as much like them. Besides, it saves you all the trouble of a sitting."

I AM awaiting, says an English letter-writer, further particulars of that Honeymooners' Hotel, which, according to a circumstantial correspondent, is to be built on the South Devonshire coast for the special and, if possible, sole use of married couples on their wedding trips. That the surroundings of the establishment are to be made as idyllic and fairylike as possible need scarcely be said. Romantic arbors in shady corners, gushing streamlets, secluded sylvan nooks are to be provided ad lib., while with the aid of science every night will be a moonlight one, and every day one of seeming bright and warm sunshine. The prospectus is even said to hint at the presence of mechanical nightingales, which, thanks to persistently winding up, will warble on every suitable tree.

STAMMERING.—Stammering has hitherto been supposed to be a nervous defect. Some experiences recently acquired, tend to call this view more or less into question. In carrying out certain operations to cure children of deafness, it was found that in several successful cases the operators had also simultaneously cured the patients of stammering. This fact attracts special attention and study; and the outcome has been the firm conviction that stammering, in the majority of cases, does not proceed from a nervous malady, but from some obstruction or defect connected with the organ of hearing. In a number of cases selected purposely from the public schools this fact has, it is said, been abundantly demonstrated.

Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire forbearance and forgiveness yourself.

DEAD.

BY F. J. HECKMAN.

Only a lock of hair, a woman's hair,
All aglow with golden light,
As I take it up and lay it down
By a lock as dark as night.

As I look upon that tress of hair
I dream of years long past and gone,
And I see again that golden head
From which it then was shorn.

I wonder why from out its grave
The buried past will ever rise?
I wonder when this aching heart
Will cease—that I may close my eyes?

As the moon sailed high in the starlit sky,
The silvered head bent low,
Until it lay upon the dusky lock
That adorned it long ago.

And up above to the judgment seat
A tired spirit arose,
For the aching heart had ceased to beat,
And the weary eyes had closed.

ODDITIES OF CHILDREN.

An examiner in elementary schools often hears many amusing answers in reply to his questions. The following are examples of written composition from children in the upper classes.

Here is a description of a plum-pudding by a boy whose knowledge is evidently theoretical, and, like his pudding, somewhat mixed:

"When they have put all these in, they make it into a batter and then mix it up: and when they have finished battering it, they put it on the fire for about an hour an a half, to get it to be enough, so that it will be better to eat and softer to chew."

From cooking we come to natural history, and have the following:

"Guinea pigs are very pretty little creatures, and people generally have them as a joint for dinner."

The guinea-pig and the sucking-pig were evidently one and the same in the mind of this ingenuous youth.

Here is another in the same department of learning.

'Bees live chiefly on worms and snakes, and are searching for them nearly every hour of the day. Besides this they also live on little insects, which when they are not so very busy, they go down into the ground and have a very nice feast. It is very pleasant indeed in the summer to watch them making their hives and weaving their honey."

A pupil was asked to name and describe four kinds of fruit, with this result:

"The four kinds is apples, pears, rubub and carrots and many others." He was a town boy.

The following on "feathers" was very difficult to interpret, but at last it proved that the writer had mistaken features for feathers.

"The feathers of anything is the looking of you; some people have diseases and cause them to have an unpleasant look. Sometimes when people go to apply for a situation they don't get it owing to their feathers and bad faces; the master who they ask generally says that he takes beer and won't do for a job of that kind. People who is not ill much generally has good feathers, they are obtained from keeping yourself clean."

One pupil brought Julius Cæsar before the public in the light of a wonderful inventor:

"Julius Cæsar invented Great Britain, 55 B. C.'—by writing that, a suspicion exists that copying is still in vogue.

What a disaster a single mistaken letter deservedly occasions to the young plagiarist!

"Ethelred the Unready was called that because he was never ready for the Danes. He used to entice them away from England by bribeing them, but they use to come back again and demand a much larger bride."

Physical science is a dreadful stumbling-block to most youths. Asked to give the causes of sound, a sufferer wrote:

"Sound is caused by the motions of the air, and is carried about by the German band."

The following two were lately recorded in the "Schoolmaster." A class had been asked to use the word dozen in a sentence of their own construction. One of the answers ran:

"I dozen know what to do."

"Stability" was ingeniously defined, perhaps by an unstable memory, as being "the cleaning up of a stable."

As the science subjects of Physiology and Hygiene are making rapid strides in the elementary schools of this country, the following answers will illustrate to some extent the cramming system prevalent in these subjects.

Here is what a young physiologist says:

"The food is nourished in the stomach, if you were to eat anything hard, you would not be able to digest it, in consequence you would have what is called indigestion. Food is digested by the lungs; digestion is brought on by the lungs having something the matter with them. The food then passes through your wind pipe to the pores, and then passes off your body by evaporation, through a lot of holes in your skin, called capillaries. The gall bladder throws off juice from the food, which passes through it. We call the kidneys the bread basket, because it is where all the bread goes to. They lay up concealed by the heart."

In reply to a question, "Why do we cook our food?" one child replied:

"There are five ways of cooking potatoes. We should die if we eat our food roar."

A second pupil wrote:

"Food digested is when we put it into our mouths, our teeth chew it, and our mouth drops it down into our body. We should not eat so much bone making food as flesh making and warmth giving foods, for, if we did, we should have too many bones, and that would make us look funny."

In reply to a question on digestion, one child wrote:

"The food is swallowed by the wind pipe, and the chyle passes up the middle of the backbone, and reaches the heart when it meets with oxygen and is purified."

Another wrote:

"We should never eat fat, because the food does not digest."

A third says:

"The work of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute."

A fourth child says:

"We have an upper and a lower skin; the lower skin moves at its will; and the upper moves when we do."

A fifth child says: "The heart is a comical shaped bag."

Another in that class writes:

'The upper skin is called eppederby, and the lower is called derby." While a third, giving the organs of digestion, writes, stomach, utensils (intestines), liver and spleen.

Grains of Gold.

One is not so soon healed as hurt.

Spare the person but lash the vice.

It is better to do well than to say well.

Speech is the gift of all, but thought of few.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture.

Of all prodigality, that of time is the worst.

Of all studies, study your present condition.

Suck your opinions on no person's sleeve.

Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.

Never speculate under any circumstances.

None knows the weight of another's burden.

Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth.

He who knows nothing is confident in everything.

Our lives are measured by our works not our years.

Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy faults.

Of all the crafts, to be an honest man is the master craft.

He that lies down with dogs must expect to rise with fleas.

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself; thine actions serve the turn.

All the world wishes to have a friend, but no one occupies himself with being one."

True religion is the poetry of the heart; it has enchantments useful to our manners; it gives us both happiness and virtue.

"Let all people," says Plato, "whether successful or unsuccessful, whether they triumph or not, let them do their duty and rest satisfied."

Femininities.

Salt and water clean willow furniture.

Salt in the whitewash will make it stick better.

A West Virginia paper speaks of "a lady tramp."

Don't read in the street cars or other jolting vehicles.

Advanced giddy girls at Narragansett are accused of smoking cigarettes.

There is a self-evident axiom—that she who is born a beauty is half married.

A large silver horse shoe nail twisted in the shape of an "S" finds favor as a belt buckle.

Miniature watches are now being set in the large link bracelets which have become so popular.

Two sprays of violets mounted on gold are pendants to a glove-buttoner recently brought out.

Dolphins disporting around a shapely water nymph is a new decoration for a silver water pitcher.

Blue and white are the most popular colors at the mountains, with red and white at the seashore.

Diamonds, rubies and sapphires formed into three-leaf clovers on the surface of a dull-gold match box are a costly but effective decoration.

The passion for double names in England is now as great as in Spain, where half the people are called after both their fathers and mothers.

An ingenious necklace pendant is a plain gold cross that opens lengthwise and discloses the Lord's Prayer engraved on a smooth metal surface.

Miss Morosini and Miss Wilson, guests at the United States Hotel at Saratoga, have introduced there the fashion of wearing wreaths about their heads.

Small, thin squares of variegated gold, simulating patches of many-colored linen, connected by small gold pins, constitute a unique and stylish necklace.

Autumn gloves are reproduced in every shade of tobacco, beaver, gray, oak or tan. Golden tan with spear-pointed backs is the favorite color for driving gloves.

Mother: "Bobby, you shouldn't speak so crossly to your father. You never heard him speak crossly to me." Bobby: "No, ma; he's just like me—he daren't."

Clara: "I hear that Maggie Mugginson is engaged again. How often does that make this season?" Laura: "Thirteen times." Clara: "Poor Maggie! She always was unlucky!"

A room with a low ceiling will seem higher if the window-curtains hang to the floor. Lambrequins may be used to extend the curtains to the ceiling and thus carry out the effect.

"Why didn't you marry your husband 15 years ago? He would have taken you then," said an Austin lady to a newly married friend. "I know, but 15 years ago he was too old to suit me."

A Pittsburg miss, now in London, is said to have written to the Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, offering to buy one of the numerous sets of bracelets presented to her on her recent marriage.

A kitchen table, with as many drawers beneath it as a writing-desk, and having a high back like a sideboard, full of pigeon-holes for kitchen utensils, is a recent addition to the hired girl's comfort.

It is said of the Duke of Portland that he caused some of the presents to the Duchess to be returned to the donors on the ground that their acquaintance was too slight to entitle them to accept these gifts.

Here is a curious marriage notice fished out of the scrap-bag by a Springfield, Mass., paper: "In Scarsh, August, 1819, Mr. John Bate, of Williamstown, Mass., to Miss Mary Ann Bass, of the former place, after a courtship of one hour."

Seldom encouraged. Rev. Primrose: "Your mother must take a great interest in you, my little boy. Does she always praise you when you do good?" Little Johnny: "Naw; she never pats me on the back except when she thinks I'm choking."

When a man sees another man wearing a hat of identical pattern with his own, he takes it as a compliment to his judgment. When a woman sees her new hat duplicated, she either buys another new one, or sits down and cries because she can't afford to do so.

Mistress: "Where are the nails, John?" John: "I didn't know what kind you wanted, ma'am." Mistress: "What kinds did the dealer have?" John: "Six-penny, eight-penny and ten-penny, ma'am." Mistress: "You should have brought the latter, John. You know we always get the best."

A steak which has been cut and cannot be used until the next day may be kept from becoming dry on the surface by rubbing it with olive oil and laying it on a platter on the ice. Turn the meat occasionally. Another method of keeping meat is to rub the surface with vinegar. Both these processes improve the meat, rendering it tender.

A woman of fashion who is employed in remarks upon the weather, who observes from morning to noon that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night that it mizzles, that it is set in for a wet evening, and being incapable of any other discourse, is as insipid a companion, and just as pedantic, as he who quotes Aristotle over his tea or talks Greek at a card table.

I saw, says a London correspondent, the dresses to be worn at the wedding of Lord Rowton's son by the little pages. The girl, a pretty child of 8, had a white satin dress with a lace flounce, puffed sleeves, and a silk sash, and a fichu and cap of mousseline de soie, both edged with lace. The cap had strings, like an old lady's, that fell on the child's fair hair. The boy's dress was of white satin, too. He had knee breeches, old lace ruffles, and a cocked hat with ostrich feather trimming.

Masculinities.

It is not work that kills men. It is worry.

The only way to avoid growing old is to die young.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.

Every man has his price, but he doesn't always get it.

The Prince of Wales wears a sash with his summer costumes.

Audacity as against modesty will win the battle over most men.

The oldest wheelman in America is John W. Arnold, of Providence, R. I. He is 78.

The man who is nearly always wrong does the most crowing when he happens to be right.

It is sad to think how few our pleasures really are, and for the which we foolishly risk eternal good.

"Well, Browne, how do you find yourself?" "Never lose myself. If I did, I suppose I'd advertise."

Is there not the fifth act of a tragedy in every death-bed, though it were a peasant's and a bed on the heath?

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments only give lustre, and many more people see than weigh.

A "lady pedestrian club" is a novelty at Paw Paw, Mich. When at work they carry canes ornamented with yellow bows.

Demand not that events should happen as you wish; but wish them to happen as they do happen, and you will go on well.

Bisbee: "Most women have a strange habit of talking to themselves. Does your wife do it?" Dumpsey: "Not when I'm there!"

A countryman, on being charged by a rampagious bull, held his wife firmly in front, saying: "Stand steady, Maria; he can't toss both of us.

Wife, tearfully: "You've broken the promise you made me!" Husband, kissing her: "Never mind, my dear, don't cry; I'll make you another."

"John, what is the best thing to feed a parrot on?" asked an elderly lady of her bachelor brother, who hated parrots. "Arsenic!" gruffly answered John.

No alternative. Giles: "It seems dreadfully extravagant to go to such an expensive tailor." De Jinks: "What could I do? He was the only one who would trust me."

A London medical man says: "Be careful in your dealings with horseradish. It irritates the stomach far more than spice, and an overdose will bring on an unpleasant sensation for days."

"Michael," said the parson, sadly, "I thought you turned over a new leaf this year?" "So I did, sorr," replied Michael, eagerly, "but I clane forgot where I left off, sorr, an' had to tur-run back agin, sorr."

Couldn't help it. Omaha teacher: "I shall have to punish you for being late to school." Tardy boy: "It was Johnny Smith's fault, who lives next door. His pa was goin' to give him a lickin' and I had to stay and hear him howl."

Put a piece of paraffined paper—such as your grocer uses to cover lard and butter—against the gummed side of stamps. Then you can carry them about or mail them with impunity, and when you remove the paper the stamps are still gummed.

Old Grumps, in bed, nearly midnight: "Ooo! I hear stealthy steps on the stairs—some one creeping along barefooted!" His wife, who was young once: "Keep quiet, Joshua. I guess that's only our darter going up with her shoes under her arm."

The Shah, on his former visit to London, attended a grand concert given in his honor. Being asked afterward what part of the programme especially pleased him, he expressed great delight in hearing the first selection, referring to the hideous sounds accompanying the "tuning-up" of the orchestra.

The best of experience. Mrs. Dumpsey: "Thomas, you must tell Willie not to spend all his time looking at the circus posters. It takes him all day to do an errand." Mr. Dumpsey: "Let him study 'em, Mariar, and after he has seen the circus he will know more about the deeds of life than he could learn in ten years any other way."

There are many simple rules of health violated because it is considered inconvenient to obey them, but it is the violation of these same simple rules that burdens life with that greater inconvenience—ill-health. The busy man will find that it takes far less time to comply with hygienic laws than it does to suffer the sickness resulting from their violation.

At a dancing party the other evening a gentleman took his friend up to his mother to make his adieux. "I can't wait," he said, "but as soon as there is a lull in the conversation you can speak to her." Two or three hours later he encountered the friend, looking very dismal, in the spot where he left him. "What, unable to tear yourself away, eh?" "No," mumbled the other; "there hasn't been a lull yet!"

A recently published "Words About Wellington" contains some capital anecdotes about the Iron Duke. The latter was once asked whether he found much advantage in being a great man, and having a completely acknowledged position as well wealth and power. "Yes," he answered, "I can afford to do without servants. I always brush my own clothes, and if I were strong enough I would black my own boots."

The advantages of money are nowhere more apparent than among the dwellers on Fifth avenue, New York. Cornelius Vanderbilt has just purchased three houses near his own on that fashionable thoroughfare—not to extend his ball-room, as rumor had it, but to protect himself from the encroachments of trade, which, being no respecter of persons or of places, is gradually taking possession of Fifth as well as of more plebeian avenues.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Cassell's Family Magazine for September is well filled with entertaining and instructive reading. The serials "Engaged to be Married" and "A Woman's Strength" are continued, and a new serial "A Man in a Million" is begun. Other articles are "An Unbeaten Track in Donegal," Ireland; "French Character as Seen Through English Spectacles;" "Volatile Effie," a paper of interest to young mothers; "How to Keep Children Well and Happy," by the "Family Doctor;" "Some More Hints on Arranging Flowers," with illustrations; fashions for the month, "tea table delicacies," and several other contributions, "The Gatherer," poetry, pictures, etc. Cassell & Co, publishers, New York.

One of the leading articles in the September *Magazine of American History* is that in which Mr. Robert Stiles, of Richmond, writes concerning "Lincoln's Restoration Policy in Virginia." The evidence submitted even corrects Grant's account of the matter in his "Memoirs." Mrs. Lamb's "Historic Homes and Landmarks" treats of the Damen farm, between Wall street and Maiden Lane, for nearly half a century outside the walled city of New York. It is handsomely illustrated. Another illustrated paper is "The Old Post at Tremperleau," by J. H. Lewis, of St. Paul. Gen. D. Poyner pays a glowing tribute to John W. Hammersley, whose portrait forms the frontispiece. Other articles are "Growth of a Great National Library," William Seton; a sketch of New York's great landholder, George Clarke, a tribute to Mrs. Amasa J. Parker, etc. This valuable publication nicely fills a department occupied by no other magazine. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

The Cosmopolitan for September maintains its reputation for excellence and variety. "The Two Capitals of Japan" is a profusely illustrated article by Frank G. Carpenter. "An Extraordinary Republic," by Wm. Elroy Curtis, is a brief paper describing Colombia. The illustrated Chinese serial, translated by Wong Chin Foo, is concluded. "The Opening of Oklahoma" is graphically described with pen and pencil. "Anti-Slavery Conventions," by Abby M. Diaz, is illustrated with portraits of Lucretia Mott and Lydia Maria Child. "The New England Conservatory of Music," is the subject of a finely illustrated paper by Edwin Dwight Walker. Carmen Sylva (Queen of Roumania), whose portrait forms the frontispiece, contributes a striking story entitled "Steria's Revenge," illustrated. In "A Nineteenth Century Arcady," Elizabeth Bisland describes a summer resort in the Catskills, with illustrations. Edward Everett Hall discusses some timely topics in his "Social Problems." There are two or three other prose articles and poetry by S. Miller Hageman, Francis S Saltus, James B Kenyon and Clinton Scollard. John Brisben Walker, publisher, 353 Fifth avenue, New York.

The September *Eclectic* recommends itself as usual to the readers and lovers of good literature. W. W. Story, under the title of "Recent Conversations in a Studio," gives a racy and suggestive discussion of various topics in art, politics and social life. Karl Blind, the veteran socialist and reformer, has a word of importance to say on the New Italy. There is a most readable paper of a scientific turn, but amusing and racy, on "The Potato's Place in History." A clever anecdotical paper on Goethe and Carlyle makes the reader wish it were longer. Professor Sayce's discussion of "The Primitive Home of the Aryans" is of superior scholarly interest, as is Goldwin Smith's striking article on "Progress and War." "Dr. Johnson on Modern Poetry" is an interview in the Elysian Fields. Father Barry contributes a seasonable word entitled "Wanted, A Gospel for the Century." Mr. John Rae tells us about the Russian peasantry in his article "An Empire of Crofters." Sir Morell Mackenzie contributes the second part of his article on "Speech and Song." "The Papacy: A Revelation and a Prophecy" is another most interesting paper in the number. The minor articles are well chosen. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* for September "The Ethical View of Protection" compares a protective tariff to the protecting walls which barbarous tribes build around their villages. Hon. David A. Wells contributes some new thoughts on "Recent Economic Changes." Henry J. Philpott writes on the "Origin of the Rights of Property." "Animal Life in the Gulf Stream," copiously illustrated, is contributed by Ralph S. Tarr. Another illustrated article is W. H. Larrabee's, on "The Surface Tension of Liquids." There is a paper from Prof. Huxley on "The Value of Witness to the Miraculous." The value of "Museums of Household Products" is set forth by Prof. Virchow. Dr. Felix L. Oswald continues his account of "The Wastes of Modern Civilization." Prof. George H. Williams describes "Some Modern Aspects of Geology." There is a letter from Prof. Huxley on the value of Pasteur's work and one from Pasteur himself. In "Arctic Ice and Navigation" Ensign Albert A. Ackerman, U. S. N., gives a vivid picture of the dangers of exploring polar seas. Captain G. Langer describes "A Corner of the Dutch East Indies." Prof. Joseph Lovering is the subject of the "Sketch" and portrait. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

A TRIBUNAL OF FOOLS.

The little town of Stockach, in Baden, which has barely two thousand inhabitants, enjoys the peculiar title of the German court (or capital) of fools.

The name originated in the privilege accorded to the town by letters patent, and exercised for centuries, of holding annually at carnival time a public fools' assize, at which all the follies committed by the people of the town and vicinity were made known, and held up to public ridicule.

According to local tradition, Stockach was the birthplace of Hans Knoni, jester to Leopold, the brother of Albert the Wise, Archduke of Austria.

Just before the battle of Morgarten, in 1315, the man in motley was asked to express his opinion of the plans of the campaign which had been adopted in his presence. Hans shook his cap and bells and answered—

"Your speeches please me little, my masters, for you only think and debate how you shall enter the enemy's territory, but take no thought how you shall leave it."

The battle took place.

Leopold's forces were defeated, and escaped death almost by a miracle.

Then the Archduke Albert, "because the fool had been wiser than all his brother counsellors," gave him the right "to sit in judgment upon the wise" annually, in his native town, and granted many privileges and immunities to this "foolish court."

This peculiar tribunal, which met even in the present century, was composed of the "Father of Fools" as president, and an unlimited number of "fool counsellors" as associates.

The members of the court met in January to select the cases to be presented to the court, and to arrange the programme for the subsequent festival of fools.

These preliminary meetings took place in a tavern called the Fools' Inn, and distinguished by a special shield or tablet on the outer wall.

On the Sunday before Shrove Sunday, the fools' clerks, in fantastic garb, drove through the town in a carriage drawn by four horses, attended by negro footmen and outriders, and loudly notified the attentive and in many cases anxious, inhabitants that such and such cases would be presented to the court to be held on the approaching Shrove Tuesday.

On the succeeding Thursday, a stout pole was solemnly erected near the fools' fountain in the middle of the town. This fountain, under which the original documents relating to the establishment of the fools' court were buried, stood in the middle of the street until 1853, when it was moved to another position.

When the documents were exhumed they were found to be almost illegible. The fools' court being hastily convened resolved to bury the defaced manuscripts again under the new foundation of the fountain.

This was done with appropriate ceremonies, and the old documents, to which was added a statement of the circumstances of their discovery, signed by all the members of the court, remain buried under the fountain to this day.

The pole erected by the fountain bore a board inscribed, "The Fools' Genealogical Tree.

Shrove Sunday and Monday was given over to the "young fools," or the children, who marched through the streets in fantastic dress, as they did and still do, in many other places.

Meanwhile a number of the boys maintained a sort of watch at the fools' tree, and with ear splitting noises and blows of whips drove away all comers who were not fantastically attired. In reward for this service each urchin received an immense fools' cake.

On the eagerly-awaited Shrove Tuesday, at ten o'clock in the morning, the members of the court assembled on a great platform in the open air, and the judicial proceedings were begun.

The fools' prosecutors made their satirical accusations, and the persons convicted of folly, when the crimes had been described, were punished by having their names entered in the book of fools.

No one was spared; the guilty ones, without distinction of person, were publicly ridiculed and enrolled among the fools. Protestations were of no avail, and whoever ventured to criticise the sentence of the court, or to speak in favor of the convicted fools, was declared to be a fool himself, and his name was put on the roll.

When all the cases had been disposed of, a procession, headed by the council of fools, marched through the streets pausing frequently, especially before the house of the convicted persons, to read aloud the sentence of the court, to the great delight of the populace. The sentence was also affixed to the door of the criminals' houses.

Then began the Festival of Fools, the programme of which included a lively theatrical representation for the populace, a banquet at the Fools' Inn, and another banquet and dance in the evening.

On the next day, Ash Wednesday, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the Council again assembled before the Fools' Inn to bury their folly.

At the head of the procession came two young folks bearing immense keys—the keys of the realm of folly. Next came the fools' guard, carrying a parti-colored and decorated staff, on the top of which was the bust of Hans Knoni.

He was followed by two fools' treasurers, who bore an ancient carved chest containing the book of fools and the records of the court. Then came the father of fools, usually the oldest male inhabitant of the town. The rest of the fools followed, walking two and two, with bowed heads and in silence, like attendants at a funeral.

When the procession had reached the fools' tree, it marched around it three times and then dispersed, and the reign of folly was over for that year.

The usages and formalities which have been briefly described were in vogue in Stockach for more than five centuries.

At first this peculiar punishment of human folly and weakness was almost always of a jocular nature, but in later years it too frequently lost its original innocence, and assumed more and more the character of a malicious attack upon private persons and unpopular laws and magistrates.

In course of time, therefore, the comical, but generally rather coarse, method in which the successors of Hans Knoni "sat in judgement over the wise" gave place to a harmless masquerade or mummery, which had no reference to any particular person.

The progress of civilization and the gradual refinement of manners seem to have affected even the fools. All that now remains of the old Stockach customs is the burial on Ash Wednesday.

This differs little from the masquerade common in other cities at that time, but it always attracts a great crowd of strangers to Stockach, and is of interest as the sole remnant of one of the most curious of old German customs.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE JAPANESE — The household superstitions of Japan are very numerous. They are harmless; often exciting laughter; yet so entrenced are they in the household that religion, argument, even ridicule cannot destroy them.

Some of these superstitions have a moral or educational purpose, inculcating lessons of benevolence, neatness, and habits of cleanliness. A room is never swept immediately after the departure of the inmate, for fear of sweeping out the luck.

At a marriage ceremony, neither the bride nor the groom wears any clothing of a purple color, lest the marriage be soon dissolved, purple being a color most liable to fade.

If the cup of medicine is upset by accident during the illness of a person, it is a sure sign of his recovery. This looks as if the Japanese had faith in our proverb, "Throw physic to the dogs."

There are some curious ideas in regard to the finger nails. They must not be cut before starting on a journey, lest disgrace fall upon the person at his destination. Neither should they be cut at night, lest cat's claws should grow out.

Children who throw the parings of the nails into the fire are in danger of great calamity. If a piece should fly into the fire while cutting, the person will soon die.

The howling of a dog portends death. If a woman steps over an egg shell, she will go mad; if over a razor, it will become dull; if over a whetstone, it will break. If a man should set his hair on fire, he will go mad. Children are told if they tell a lie, an oni (imp) will pull out their tongues.

The wholesome terror of the oni, standing ready to run away with his tongue, has caused many a Japanese youth to tell the truth.

The Japanese have a horror of the darkness; they always keep a light burning to ward off ghosts.

They are a gentle, sensative race, very much under the influence of their emotions. Love with them is a serious matter; often one of life or death. Disappointment in love or desertion frequently ends in suicide.

The passions which thrill and torment the human sole are as intense in far away heathen Japan as in those lands which boast a higher civilization.

TESTING HIM.—A droll performance is credited to a certain surgeon. To test the hearing of an applicant for a pension, he held his watch some distance from the man's left ear, and asked him if he could hear it tick.

The answer was "No," and the same reply was given to repeated questions as the watch was brought gradually nearer.

"Put him down totally deaf in the left ear," and holding the watch away from the man's right ear, the same question was asked.

To his surprise the answer was the same.

It then occured to the surgeon to examine his watch, and he found that it had stopped.

"I REALLY don't see what is the matter with my razor to-day. It is so dull that it don't cut all," said Johnny's pa. "Why, pa," said Johnny, "it was sharp the other day, when I used it to make a ship with."

THE most divine light only shineth on those minds which are purged from all worldly dross and human uncleanness.

IN studying character do not be blind to the shortcomings of a warm friend or the virtues of a bitter enemy.

MANY OF THE PLAGUES OF DYSPEPSIA, and the depression caused by General Debility, may be overcome by Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It helps the weak and aids the digestive functions, being an excellent General Tonic, and the very best of Worm exterminators besides. For use as a Tonic the larger sized bottles are the cheapest.

The World's Happenings.

London contains 90 000 paupers.

Alaska cost the United States 2 cents an acre.

At Fort Dodge, Iowa, butter is selling for nine cents a pound.

The keeper of a peanut stand in Newark is named Pizarro Cæsar.

Searsport, Me., was visited by a circus a few days ago for the "first" time in 44 years.

Carriage horses, only fairly well matched, in Buenos Ayres bring five thousand dollars a pair.

A catfish with a silver spoon in its stomach was caught near Parkersburg, W. Va., recently.

The richest Chinaman in the town of Seattle rejoices in the discouraging name of Bad Luckee.

Ansonia, Conn., has a 2-years-old boy who cries for cigars, and smokes them when they are given to him.

A Nebraska boy stubbed his toe recently injuring his foot so severely that lockjaw resulted, from which he died.

The return of land grants made in western Australia shows that one man owns and controls nearly 4,000,000 acres.

British soldiers not in possession of swimming certificates are forbidden to enter boats for purposes of recreation.

A literary Englishman wears around his neck a portion of Shelley's charred skull. It is enclosed in a little gold casket.

Gradually America is intruding itself upon the European civilization. An American hotel is to be established in Paris.

Tom Wells, while fishing for bass near Reading, Pa., caught three fish at one time—one on each of the three hooks attached to his line.

A blind dog that finds its way unaided and is often seen miles from home, is owned by a farmer in the vicinity of St. Clairsville, Ohio.

A woman who has for years lived in Hartford, Conn., the life of a hermit and a miser, died a few days ago leaving $40,000 in bonds and stocks.

The land of Central Park, New York, which originally cost the city $6,000,000, is now valued at a $100,000,000. It costs to keep it up $400,000 a year.

A horse and wagon stolen at Freeport, N. Y., recently, were afterwards found in the possession of a highly connected young woman, who confessed the theft.

A farmer in Connecticut fed his cattle on leaves during a portion of last winter. It is said, and he intends to repeat the experiment when cold weather again sets in.

The latest fad in mechanism is an ingenious contrivance in the form of a large ice-cooler, from which, if one drops a penny in the slot, he can obtain a cupful of ice-cold water.

A Yankee has set up a school in Paris, and advertises that he "will teach any Frenchman to speak the only sensible language in the world in six weeks and at a cost of only $25."

Lazy John Curtis, of the State Prison at Salem, O., burned his own foot to keep from work, put vinegar on the wound to keep it from healing, and finally chopped off his right hand.

A Sacramento, Cal., business man uses a phonograph cylinder in transmitting important messages to Chicago, sending the novel machine (which the postal authorities have decided must be paid for at first-class postage rate) by mail.

A sagacious canine at Johnstown is not going to get caught in another flood if it can help it. Every time it rains the dog rushes to the fourth story and remains there until the downpour is over.

A fox that tracked a flock of wild turkeys in Brooke county, W. Va., was attacked by the old gobbler and so badly thrashed that he put his tail between his legs and skulked away like a whipped dog.

Three schoolboys of Sompoc, Cal., thought they'd have fun this vacation playing gold-mining. So they began on a worn-out claim on the beach near Point Sal, and in 24 days, working not more than 3 hours a day, made $20.

The Queen of England has just ordered from a London dressmaker a little frock to be given as a present to the baby King of Spain. It is to be of white Irish poplin, a material the royal family are always benevolently endeavoring to make fashionable.

Rev. W. Helmrick, pastor of an Iowa Methodist Church, shot and killed a young man named Palmer because he had thrown an egg at him. Mr. Helmrick had denounced Palmer from the pulpit because he was going to make a match of which the minister disapproved.

Nicholas Harshauer was instantly killed at Fort Wayne, Ind., in a peculiar way. While drawing a handkerchief from his hip pocket the linen caught on the hammer of his revolver, discharging the weapon. The ball entered his back and lodged in the stomach.

A peculiar industry has sprung up near Albany, N. Y., since 1888—that of supplying crushed stone for asphalt and macadamized roads. The quarry from which the stone is taken is operated night and day. One thousand tons of rock a day are crushed, and 250 cars are used in transporting the fragments of rock to all parts of the country.

A peculiar request was made by a Bohemian woman who recently died in East Bridgeport, Conn. She asked to be laid out in the kitchen, so as to save the parlor carpet, and a ham sandwich was to be given to each person who attended the funeral. The sandwiches made every one so thirsty that a keg of beer was placed in the room to satisfy the mourners, and after the funeral a second keg was emptied.

Humorous.

ALL RIGHT.

Ah, she was like a tiny bird,
Too slender for this world;
Her voice, so soft, you scarcely heard,
Her locks in ringlets curled.

I thought that she would fade away,
So thin was she and pale;
She shuddered every chilly day,
Like a leaf before the gale.

I've seen her after twenty years,
A buxom, red-faced queen;
I saw her, 'mid the mob's wild cheers,
On a "take-your-weight" machine.

I saw the apparatus break,
I heard it giving way;
She's twenty stone, my bath I'll take—
She will not fade away!

—U. S. Nowa.

Glass-wear—Spectacles.

The dead of winter—Leaves.

The man who is right is seldom left.

Perspiration never reigns but it pores.

The last is always first in the shoemaker's business.

A lawyer depends on words; the real estate man on deeds.

It is a little singular that a blunt remark is often very cutting.

A bootless attempt—To get upstairs without being heard by your wife.

The self-made man is frequently exceedingly proud of a very poor job.

A summer resort phenomenon — the longer a man stays the shorter he gets.

There is considerable "go" to the man who is running to catch the last car.

All women of strong mind wish they had been born men, and all men wish so too.

Smith: "Were you ever disappointed in love?" Jones: "No; but I've been disappointed in marriage."

A man may be very great and very good, and then not attract half the attention that a captured horse thief does.

Highland inebriate, undergoing a search in the police office: "Och, hoch—tat I should be robbed in ta ferry politsh-office!" He weeps.

If your mind is not upon your work, you cannot expect to accomplish it with any degree of satisfaction to others or credit to yourself.

The Cainaman's desire to have a fine funeral has the approval of the Pacific Coast people, but they always want the funeral to begin right away.

Auntie: "Charlie, your father is calling you." Charlie: "Yes, I hear him. But he is calling 'Charlie.' I don't have to go till he yells 'Charles!'"

The use of words. Lawyer's clerk: "Will you take a chair, miss?" Boston girl: "No, thank you; I wouldn't know what to do with it. But I'll sit down, if I may."

I can't understand all this fuss about using electricity for executions," remarked Judge Lynch, of Kansas, reflectively. "Out in our section we have used the telegraph pole for years."

A policeman having offered his hand to a young lady, which was refused, he arrested her. "What is the charge?" asked the sergeant at the station-house. "Resisting an offer, sir," was the reply.

Mrs. Freshpork, back in Chicago from honeymooning in Europe: "Do you remember that gorge up in the mountains, Arthur? Wasn't it just lovely?" Mr. P.: "You bet! I never ate a squarer meal."

Bilkins: "I don't see why you should grumble at the hard times and so on when you have such a bright prospect before." Gilkins: "Bright prospect! I'd like to know what it is." "Why, your nose."

"You can't think how smart that dog is. You can say everything to him exactly as you would to a man." "But will he understand?" "Oh, I did not say that. You mustn't ask too much of a dog, you know."

New Yorker, to Col. Bourbon—"Colonel, what do you drink mostly down in Kentucky?" Col. Bourbon: "Drink! Why, whisky, of course! What did you think we drank—lager? We're no Prohibitionists."

"And I want to say, 'To my husband,' in an appropriate place," said the widow in conclusion to Slab, the gravestone man. "Yessum," said Slab. And the inscription went on: "To my husband, in an appropriate place."

Jakey: "I vas goin' to tell you a shoke, fadder. Der vas—" Mr. Oppenheimer, excitedly: "Don't you tell no shokes here, Jakey. Der vas two gustomers in der store, and if dey laugh de new suits don't last till dey get to the door."

"Mamma," said Willie, "will Deacon Jenks go to heaven when he dies." "I think so." "Well, I hope he won't." "Why, dear, do you have such naughty hopes?" "Because if he gets there he will want to run the whole place."

THE EXERCISE OF DISCRETION.—The "discretion" which is said to be "the better part of valor" is not usually understood to be a quality of which the possessor has any particular reason to feel proud; it is looked upon, indeed, as an indication of something like cowardice.

Cowardice in a man, fortunately for this country, is looked upon by all classes, from the ragged vendor of evening newspapers to a prime minister, as the one social sin for which there is no forgiveness, hence the imputation becomes a very serious one.

As a matter of fact, however, it is preeminently true that "discretion is the better part of valor." Valor without discretion, so far from being a useful quality, is apt to be a very dangerous one. The valor of our private soldiers is beyond question, but the exercise of the discretion which controls it is fortunately not left to them; if it were we should have splendid instances of bravery, no doubt, but our army as an effective weapon of war would soon cease to exist.

Discretion is the tie which binds together all the faculties of the mind; without it, they have no more cohesion than a loose bundle of sticks. He who enjoys the proper exercise of this faculty enjoys it, unfortunately, to the exclusion of countless numbers of his fellow-beings. It is a faculty which can be developed by practise, and it can be lost by disuse, following in this respect the Darwinian order of things.

Soldiers taught to perform their different evolutions at the word of command, act mechanically at last; depending upon the volition of somebody else instead of their own.

Relieved from the necessity of considering what course they would under particular circumstances adopt, they cease to consider about it altogether, and if at some supreme crisis they are deprived of those who have done the thinking for them, they are as incapable of intelligent and combined action as a flock of sheep.

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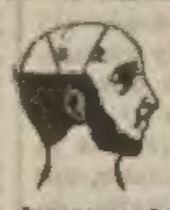

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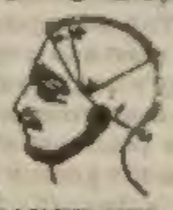

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead half as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream,** to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe.
Nov. 28, '69. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

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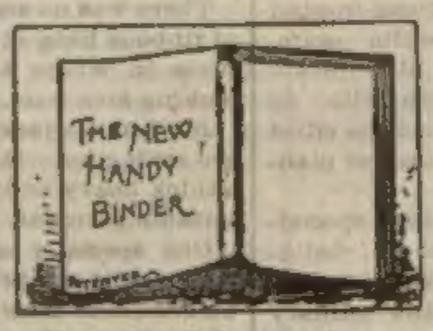

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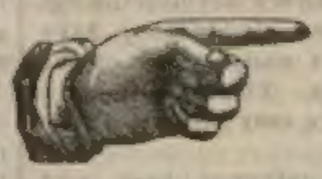

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A charming yachting dress of the present season was a mixture of heavy serge and brown holland, and struck us as being in extremely good taste.

The waistcoat, cuffs, pocket flaps and underskirt were of brown holland, all richly embroidered in navy, gold and red mixed braid; a smart little walking jacket, to match, was lined with holland, and the loose fronts faced with the same, and braided to match the gown.

Another gown of navy shrunk serge, specially waterproofed for sea going, had a long drapery in front, and opened on the right side to show an underskirt of white serge, on which is laid, to form a tricolor border, perpendicular lines of fine crimson and white braids, alternating with lines of very narrow blue ribbon.

Gold anchors are embroidered on the corners at the foot of the skirt, and the blue draperies are outlined with gold braid.

The bodice has a double vest of white, with the tricolor introduced in the same way as on the skirt, and over this is worn a short naval coat with gilt buttons.

A gown of fine navy serge had a long tunic in drapery in front, showing an underskirt of pale fawn, embroidered in a conventional pattern of rosettes and scallops in navy and gold, the same embroidery being used on the shoulder-yoke, which it entirely covered.

Plainer than any of these dresses, but extremely neat and smart, was a blue serge perfectly plain skirt; a loose-fronted jacket to match, lined with white moire, and a cotton shirt—white with blue lines—with starched front, was worn with an untanned leather belt, which had the effect of extremely narrow strips of leather plaited together.

A gown of fine cloth of a texture specially prepared for summer was of a Gobelin-blue tint, heavily braided in an elaborate pattern with a coarse and a fine military braid; this forms a deep border round the skirt; the bodice has a waistcoat of black moire, and a simulated shirt covered with braiding to correspond with the skirt.

A very charming costume of petit pois Hindoo cloth had passementerie of a darker shade forming the trimming, which was outlined by a tiny gold cord.

The passementerie appears on the side of the plain under-petticoat, also on the shoulders of the bodice and the cuffs; the waistcoat is of soft cream Serah.

Among the many pretty jackets was one in white scouring cloth, which would be delightful as an extra wrap, over a gown of any color or make.

It was cut to form a waistcoat and lancer front, the outer coat being bordered with flat black braiding, outlined with gold, and its lining of gold satin gave it a most dainty appearance.

A jacket of reseda-green cloth was lined with pale terra-cotta satin, and braided all over most elaborately with broad and narrow black mohair braids; the sleeves, of full bell shape, were also almost entirely covered with braiding.

A quaint little cloak, or rather tippet, called the "Garrick cloak," has three small full capes of a particular pretty shade of crimson cloth, and barely reaches to the waist; the high, old-fashioned collar is in velvet to match, on which is a rococo metal clasp. It is easy to put on, easy to carry, and makes the most coquettish of small summer wraps.

A close-fitting Incroyable coat in cuivre or copper cloth looked as if it must be an exact copy of an old picture. It was lined throughout with white moire, of which the waistcoat and somewhat large revers were also made.

The large buttons had hand-painted Watteau scenes, each button being different, and the Incroyable jabot was made of the softest mousseline de chiffon.

More suitable for rough work was a comfortable-looking little coat of two shades of bluish-gray.

The darker shade was cut away on the shoulders and on the chest, and the squares left filled in with cloth of a lighter shade of gray.

Both the light and dark shades were almost entirely covered with the thick braiding which is much the fashion at present, and the jacket, which was double-breasted, was fastened with large oxidized buttons.

Stone color is a cool and delightful shade; a silk in this, studded with small pea spots, was combined with a snuff-brown silk, spotted in the same way.

It was plainly made, but the one color seemed to be arranged to turn up over the other. The bodice was covered with a Zouave jacket of the lighter shade in the finest passementerie.

One of the black bordered reseda voiles had been made up with a pleated panel formed of the border, divided from a similar one by rows of flounces, tapering towards the waist; the bodice full, and the sleeves gathered, with many runners at the waist, as our grandmothers wore them.

A black brochè had the pagoda sleeve of twenty years back. Certainly the variety in sleeves is endless.

A black polonaise in matelasse was of a fashionable cut, opening down the entire length of the centre of the back, the front fastening diagonally.

A black grenadine gown, with a green border interwoven, made up over green silk, which is at the same time original and elegant in its style.

Into the skirt between the bordering, plain panels of the material were introduced, covered with close tucks and edged with lace.

The Empire bodice ended in a point and had the black arranged as drapery over the green, with a plastron of tucks.

Another, a red-brown gown, is trimmed at regular intervals round the skirt with a double cascade of black lace, and black lace insertion in the centre interthreaded with ribbon.

This was a skirt to a handsome coat of the flame color, brocaded in black. It was cut up into four distinct tails, falling between the cascades, the sleeves puffed at the top and tucked at the waist.

There was no seam at the back; a bunch of ribbons hang at the side; it is an elegant dress in which the wearer cannot help looking *bien mise*.

A white tea jacket is what many women are asking for. It is pleasant to slip out of a thick heavy bodice into a loose and comfortable garment.

One specially admired was made in thick white cambric trimmed with lace and embroidered insertion, interthreaded with pink ribbon, the sleeves open and caught up at the elbow, the whole jacket indicating but not defining the figure.

Another pretty style of dress they are making is cream crepe de Chine and dark green velvet; also in two shades of green, light and dark, and in two shades of fraise.

The fulness of the skirt is sewn to the bodice, the junction hidden by gold passementerie in vandykes, the points turning upwards.

The sleeves have a velvet puff at the top, and round the armholes, back and front, velvet is laid like a Zouave jacket, and also bordered with the gold. There is an under petticoat of silk. The whole cut of the dress is quaint and picturesque.

Plain and figured alpacas are to be much worn, with dust cloaks to match. A dust cloak is showerproof and is an essential part of the season's outfit.

The new shapes entirely develop the figure. With red figured alpacas they have red silk, hoods, cuffs and facings of the silk down the fronts. The newest have bell sleeves, which are easy to slip on or off.

Another shape is gathered back and front; sometimes the sleeves are tucked, sometimes there is a long pendent sleeve piece, laced down the cord; blue and fawn are the favorite colors.

Some green silks are draped with spotted black net, and soft gray woollens, embroidered in silver.

This embroidery, in one dress, was carried round the front breadth, and quite distinct altogether from the sides, save for a uniting tab of gray and silver, carried across pleats of white soft white silk, which also formed the vest of the crossing bodice.

Another just completed is a striped pink barge, trimmed with guipure. The bodice crosses at the waist, showing a vest of soft silk and a lace tie; a bunch of ribbons hangs at the side.

A white striped gauze was made with a Zouave jacket of gold guipure, the sleeves slashed, with the guipure and lace peeping through.

Odds and Ends.

MAKING CARLSBAD COFFEE.

We believe it is generally admitted that the best cup of coffee in Europe is to be had at Carlsbad. Last year, being in Carlsbad, we determined, if possible, to learn the secret of coffee making.

To begin with, our instructress showed us the coffee she used. It was a mixture of Ceylon and Mocha beans, the one being light colored, the other dark.

Of course they were unroasted, for we do not suppose you could buy ready-roasted any more than ready-ground coffee in Carlsbad.

It is only in America that this is an article of trade, and that we put up with what we call coffee, made from a powder which has lost all flavor, aroma and semblance of the real thing.

Our instructress next put the beans into a coffee roaster revolving over a clear wood fire. During this process the fragrant aroma from the coffee filled the house.

When sufficiently roasted, she carefully picked out the burnt beans, of which there might be two or three. Next followed the grinding.

But first she fetched a little tin measure, which held about a tablespoonful of beans, explaining that two of these little measures went to the first cup of coffee, after which one additional measureful was sufficient for each additional cup.

We generally find that our cooks prefer the more expeditious but less reliable "rule of the thumb," but here was a woman making from thirty to forty cups daily, yet never trusting to the sliding scale of memory or habit for her measure.

The measured coffee beans she now put into the mill, and we observed that she was careful to grind them large, not fine.

She then filled a low round tin pan with boiling water and placed it on the fire. In this tin she stood her white crockery coffee pot, into the top of which a tin percolator was fitted.

Then she fetched a coarse, unbleached calico bag (dyed deep brown by the coffee) and this she filled with the ground coffee, putting it into the mouth of the tin percolator, and, after pouring about a tablespoonful of quite boiling water slowly round and round on the coffee, she covered it up in the bag.

At intervals, taking care that the water thoroughly boiled each time, this was repeated until enough water had run through the percolator for the number of cups required.

If this recipe were only carefully followed there would be fewer complaints of tasteless coffee.

The main points to be observed are (1) to roast and grind the coffee daily for each day's use; (2) not to grind it too fine; (3) to use a crockery coffee pot; (4) to stand the pot in hot water on the fire; (5) not to put the ground coffee in the percolator, but in a bag; (6) to pour boiling water on the coffee at intervals, and this very slowly.

We will only add three hints. It has been said that the secret of Carlsbad coffee lies in the water with which it is made.

Carlsbad water is full of soda. Therefore, put a pinch of carbonate of soda into your kettle when you boil the water for your coffee.

Next, with reference to the bag through which the coffee is to pass. When new, this must be well washed in coffee before use, until it is a dark brown color, and it should never be cleansed from the coffee between whiles.

Lastly, any coffee that is left may be used again, instead of plain water, at the next coffee making. This will make excellent strong *café noir*.

Chicken Kromeskies.—Cut some thin slices of cold streaky bacon, and roll neatly into each slice a piece of cold chicken, seasoned with salt, white pepper and grated lemon rind. The bacon must either be secured by small silver skewers, or, failing these, tied with a thread (to be carefully removed before serving). Have ready a light batter of eggs and milk (the whites beaten separately and added at the last moment). Dip the kromeskies in it and fry a light golden-brown.

Chocolate Cakes.—Beat the yolks of nine eggs till quite light, then sift in gradually ½lb. of loaf sugar and beat well together; and slowly two and one-half ounces grated chocolate, four ounces flour (dried and sifted), a pinch of grated lemon peel, and just at the last stir in the whites of five eggs, whisked to a stiff froth. Bake in a well-buttered mould in a moderate oven. If the oven is too quick it falls in the centre.

Pandowdy.—Pare, core and quarter two quarts of tart apples, put them in a deep baking dish; make a crust as for short baking powder biscuit or sour cream and soda and cover the apple. The crust should be nearly an inch thick. Bake slowly two or three hours; remove the crust and stir into the apple a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, a little nutmeg and cinnamon and cut the crust in pieces and place in a dish with layers of apple between. When cold, eat with sugar and cream.

Confidential Correspondents.

BOMBASTES.—"This is the most unkindest cut of all" is good Shakespearean English.

LEXIS.—A codicil is a supplement to a will. It is authenticated in the same manner as a will.

H.—Geraniums may be placed in paper bags and kept hung up in the cellar to keep over winter.

MADGE.—We should not advise you to write to the gentleman. If he wish to see you he will call without an invitation.

R. B. L.—A son who is able can be compelled to take care of his aged parents, who are unable to take care of themselves.

VERNON V.—If a tenant waive the $300 exemption in Pennsylvania his property can be sold to pay rent, even though the property be worth but $50.

SWARTHMORE.—All cities and towns having a population of 10,000 and upward come under the Free Delivery System and are entitled to letter-carriers.

LIBERTY.—The first Continental Congress met at Philadelphia on September 5, 1774. The first Congress under the Constitution met at New York in 1789. The seat of Government was removed to Washington, D. C., in 1800.

DEM.—A Representative at large is elected by a State not entitled to more than one Congressman, or where the apportionment entitles a State to one or more Representatives in excess of the number of existing districts in that State.

ROSS.—There seems to be a little difference of view between the Treasury and Navy departments as to whether the forty-two stars should properly be on the flag at present. Probably the Treasury department is right in the view that the new stars have no legal place on the flag until July 4, 1890.

T. L. L.—Had the amendment been adopted it would have become illegal to have sold liquor, licensed or unlicensed at once, but as the amendment provided that the Legislature should affix penalties for the violation of the law no one could have been punished until such laws were passed by the General Assembly.

ARLIE.—The science of electricity owes its name to an observation attributed by Diogenes Laertius to Thales, who flourished as the Franklin of the period about 500 B. C. The observation in question was, that when amber, (electron in Greek) was rubbed it acquired the power of attracting light bodies, and from the Greek name comes our electricity.

NEW YORK.—Sixty years ago there was no law against lottery companies. Lottery dealing was just as common as dealing in stocks in these days. Many churches and public buildings were built by the proceeds of a lottery. Faneuil Hall, Boston, was thus built, and there is a ticket extant bearing date June 17, 1765, signed by John Hancock.

CHRAP.—Homer was a celebrated Greek poet. The exact time in which he lived is not known, though it is generally supposed to have been about 100 years before the foundation of Rome. Seven cities contended for the honor of being his birth-place. (2) Æsop was a Phrygian philosopher, who, though originally a slave, procured his liberty by his witty Fables.

C. L. B.—To explain the process of making dry-plates for photographic purposes would take up more valuable space than we can spare. There are books published on the subject by dealers in photographers supplies, and your best course would be to apply to them. Or, as the whole subject is one of considerable difficulty, it might be better to get a practical operator to show you the method.

SOLDER.—Wire solder is made by punching small holes from one-thirty-second to one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter in the bottom of a sheet-iron pan along one side, holes to be one-half inch apart. Set the pan upon a flat plate of iron or a flat stone slab, pour in the solder, and tip the pan so that the solder will flow through the holes, drawing the pan along the slab fast enough to leave a train of solder cooling in the form of wires. This will require a few trials to succeed well and make the wire even.

LITTLE ROSABELLE.—Generally speaking if a young man is sufficiently interested in a young lady, he will make the proposition to correspond, on her leaving for a prolonged or permanent stay in the country. But if the degree of intimacy is great, and he is likewise intimate with your family, you might without impropriety suggest that he should write and let you know how matters go on in his vicinity. This suggestion however, would be out of place if the party holds or is likely to hold any nearer relationship than that of a friend.

TRACTION.—The expression "one-horse power," which is used by engineers, means such an amount of power as will suffice to lift 33,000 lbs. to a height of one foot in one minute. It has been lately calculated that the heart's power in a healthy man is enough to raise a weight of 272 280 lbs. to a height of one foot in the twenty-four hours. It is, therefore, sufficient to raise a weight of 11,380 lbs. to a height of one foot in an hour, or about 189 lbs. to a similar height in a minute; and, as a fraction of a horse power, this is roughly 1-169. Thus, it would take only about 169 hearts to do the estimated work, in raising weight, of one cart horse—if, of course, the power could be applied to that purpose.

A. B. C.—The question sometimes arises whether a man is entitled to vote at an election held on the day preceding the twenty-first anniversary of his birth. Blackstone the greatest legal authority, says "full age in male or female is twenty-one years, which day is completed on the day preceding the anniversary of a person's birth, who, till that time, is an infant, and so styled in law." The late Chief Justice Sharswood in his edition of Blackstone's Commentaries says in a quotation: "If he is born on the 16th of February, 1808, he is of age to do any legal act on the morning of the 15th of February, 1829, though he may not have lived twenty-one years by nearly forty-eight hours. The reason assigned is, that in law there is no fraction of a day; and if the birth were on the last second of one day, and the act of the first second of the preceding day twenty-one years after, then twenty-one years would be complete; and in the law it is the same whether a thing is done upon one moment of the day or another." The same high authority (Sharswood) adds in a note of his own, "A person is of full age the day before the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday.